Can We Make Peace with Our Allies?

June 7, 1962 25¢

THE FRONT LINES OF ASIA

THE REPORTER

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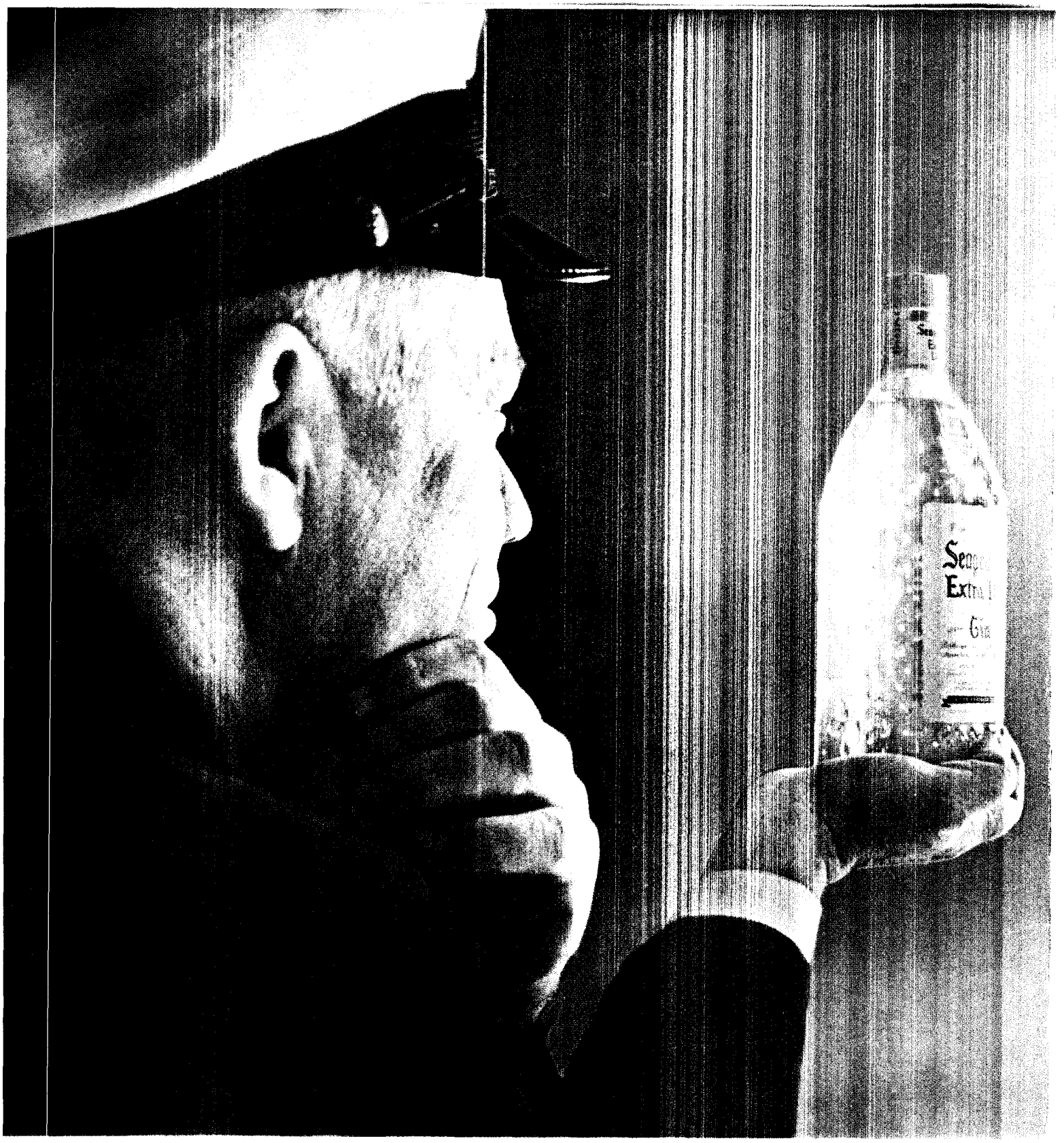

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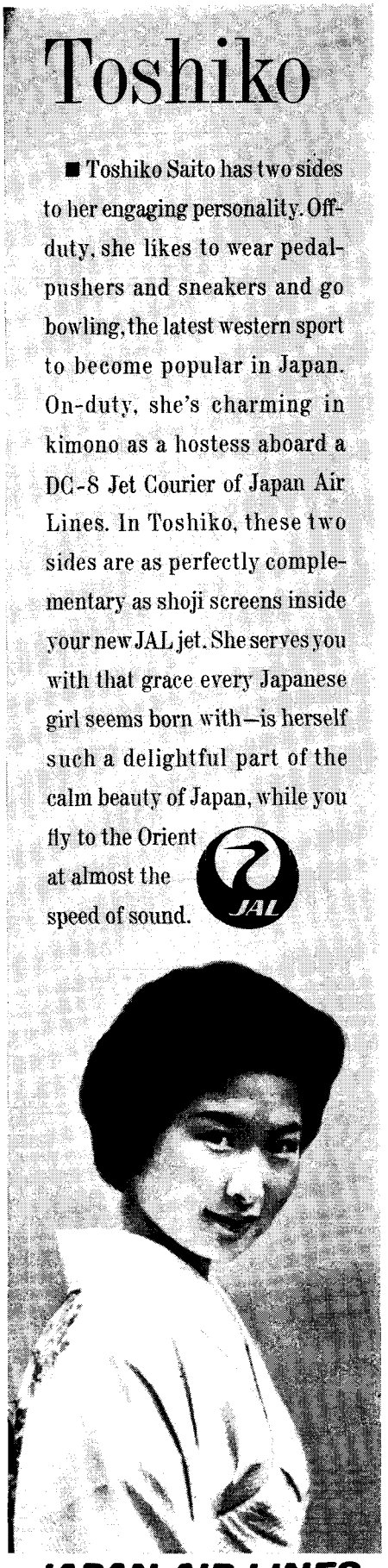
Toshiko
■ Toshiko Saito has two sides to her engaging personality. Off-duty, she likes to wear pedal-pushers and sneakers and go bowling, the latest western sport to become popular in Japan. On-duty, she's charming in kimono as a hostess aboard a DC-8 Jet Courier of Japan Air Lines. In Toshiko, these two sides are as perfectly complementary as shoji screens inside your new JAL jet. She serves you with that grace every Japanese girl seems born with—is herself such a delightful part of the calm beauty of Japan, while you fly to the Orient at almost the speed of sound.
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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

AS FIRM BELIEVERS in first things first, we are convinced that before any serious negotiation can take place with our Communist opponents we should with all deliberate speed settle the differences among the allied nations. Or else, to put it mildly, we are sunk. **Max Ascoli** intended to write a somewhat different editorial from that which appears in this issue. He wanted to urge a summit meeting between the major allied leaders, but then, as the days passed, the suggestion seemed more and more chimerical, for even were the allies to meet, what would they do? The rifts in the alliance have been in existence too long; they acquired a particularly threatening nature when Chancellor Adenauer was crudely rebuked for his outburst at his Berlin press conference. And even that was nothing but a concerted expression of mild, respectful dissent when compared to what happened as soon as what de Gaulle said at *his* press conference became known. To our knowledge, however, no newspaper bothered to publish the full text of de Gaulle's statement. Some of the passages not reported in the American press are the subject of **Edmond Taylor's** article. . . . **George Bailey** was rushed to Bonn so that he could provide our readers with an account of the allied mess as seen from the capital of West Germany.

ALL of the foreign-aid programs that have grown up since the Second World War have been pulled together by the Kennedy administration into the brand-new Agency for International Development, euphoniously shortened to AID. Our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** reports in this issue on how the new organization is facing up to the old problems that bedeviled its predecessors—and to a few new ones. . . . More than a year ago, on March 23, 1961, President Kennedy opened his press conference with a long and serious statement about Laos. Pointing to three maps that indicated the Communist incursions from the north, he declared that ". . . if there is to be a peaceful solution there must be a cessation of the present armed attacks by externally supported Communists." The attacks continued nonetheless, and on May 18 of this year, after the Communists had flagrantly broken the cease-fire by their attack on Nam Tha, he stated our new rock-bottom terms: "Frankly, we prefer as great a withdrawal to the line that was in effect a week or so ago as we could get. I would think, however, that a peace along the line which now may exist, of course, is essential." Given this record, the Communists must smile when our leaders speak of a desire to establish genuine neutrality in Laos. The dismal prospects in Laos are analyzed for us in this issue by **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist who travels widely in the Far East. . . . Across the border in Vietnam, U.S. military forces are helping some determined and first-rate local troops to mop up pockets of guerrilla insurrectionists. But according to **S. L. A. Marshall,** as long as the floodgates across the border in Laos remain open, no mopping-up operation in Vietnam can ever be fully successful. General Marshall's latest book is *Night Drop, The American Airborne Invasion of Normandy* (Atlantic-Little, Brown). . . . The issues and personalities of the forthcoming Canadian election are described for us by **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer.*

ON MAY 2 an order was issued prohibiting the importation of privately owned automobiles into Yugoslavia as part of President Tito's promised clean-up of corruption within the Communist Party. The importance of the automobile as a prestige symbol and the ideological and moral implications of its possession are explored by **Joseph Hitrec** in a short story based closely on a recent visit to his native Yugoslavia. While the events and people are real, the names are necessarily fictitious. Among Mr. Hitrec's books are *Son of the Moon, Angel of Gaiety,* and *Rulers, Morning,* the latter a collection of short stories. All are published by Harper. . . . **Roland Gelatt,** editor of *High Fidelity,* reviews some of the latest offerings in the boom of recorded operas. . . . A textual analysis of a novel written in the form of a textual analysis of a poem (Vladimir Nabokov's latest effort to astonish our sensibilities) is offered by **George Steiner,** who teaches at Churchill College, Cambridge. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a novelist and free-lance reviewer. . . . **Maya Pines** is the author of *Retarded Children Can Be Helped* (Channel Press).

Our cover is by **Herb Weintraub.**

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COLUMBIA RECORDS
announces
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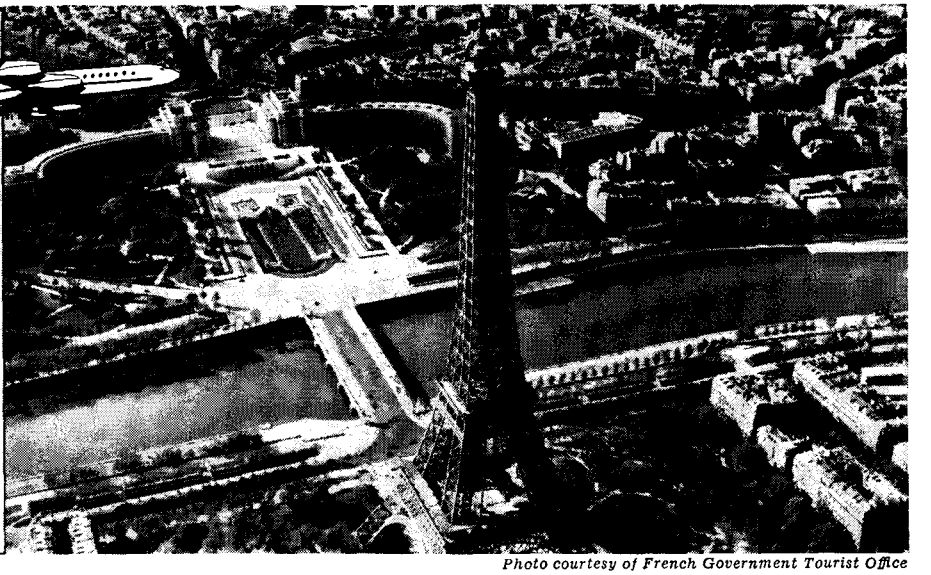

Photo courtesy of French Government Tourist Office

Here is your "Passport" to one of the thrills of the jet age—being able to speak the language of the country you visit without months of painful study

"Shall we fly to Paris next month?"

Typical question of the jet age. And usually the answer is "Yes!" For low-cost overnight jet flights to Europe have changed the whole pattern of trips abroad. Vacations that once took months to plan now take just weeks. And business trips sometimes become necessary almost overnight.

But language instruction has not kept pace with the jet age. Our schools still graduate students who may be masters of a foreign tongue's literature and grammar, but who shrink from attempting to converse in it with a native. And this after years of study.

As a result, too many Americans abroad find they can't get acquainted with the local people, ask directions, or even settle a laundry bill. They find it doesn't help much to ask questions from a "handbook of useful phrases" if they can't understand the answers!

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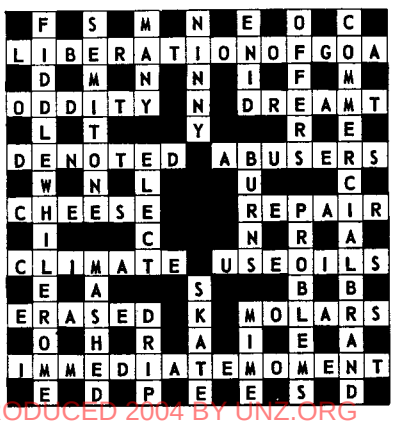
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POLITICAL WARFARE

To the Editor: Edmond Taylor's article "How the Russians Wage Political Warfare" (*The Reporter*, May 10) is a fine, factual, hard-hitting research job, and I am delighted that it will appear in *The Reporter* in our libraries overseas.

WALTER M. BASTIAN, JR., Chief
Cultural Operations Division
Information Center Service
United States Information Agency
Washington

To the Editor: In Prague I was exposed daily to heavy doses of the Communist peace offensive campaign. And it was just that—offensive. The Czechs bandied the word "peace" about as though they had a patent on it. On one occasion I queried a Czech friend whether it bothered him to have words crammed down his throat twenty-four hours a day. "It's like the Coca-Cola signs in your country," he said. "After a while you don't notice them!"

Edmond Taylor's articles are always a joy to read.

FRED G. TAYLOR
Office of the
Assistant Director (Europe)
USIA
Washington

To the Editor: Edmond Taylor is one of the very best writers around, I believe, on subjects dealing with propaganda and political warfare. *The Reporter* keeps getting better and it has always been very good. In fact, I cannot think of any other publication that prints such consistently thoughtful and informative articles.

ALTON KASTNER
Director of Public Information
Free Europe Committee, Inc.
New York

To the Editor: As a participant in the Soviet-American Women's Conference at Bryn Mawr, referred to in Edmond Taylor's article, I feel that certain corrections of fact and implications are in order.

The head of the Soviet delegation was Mme. Olimpiada Kozlova, rector of the Moscow Institute of Engineering and Economics. There was no one in the group whose name corresponds with that given by Mr. Taylor as its head. It is also incorrect to say that the Soviet women "scored a . . . propaganda point" by releasing the conference statement to the press at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. The statement was issued jointly to all the major news services at Bryn Mawr immediately at the end of the conference some time before the Washington press gathering.

Of more serious consequence, as it concerns the good relations built up

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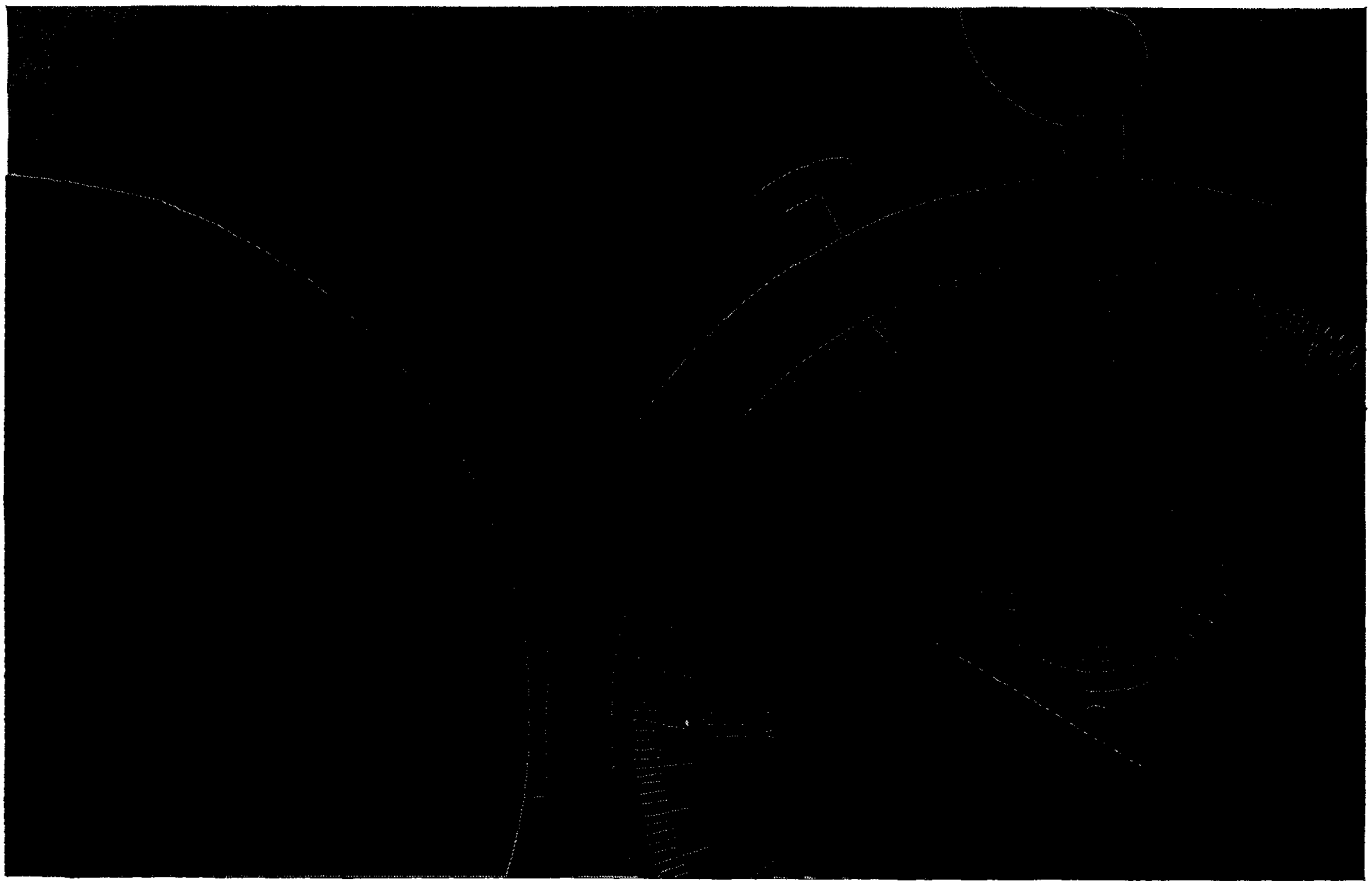

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by this conference, is Mr. Taylor's implication that the main purpose of the Soviet women was "to persuade the American women to accept an organizational link with the Soviet peace group to which they belonged, thereby becoming part of the Communist international peace front" and "to pass a *joint resolution* expressing concern about West German 'militarism.'" Whereas they did propose these things, among others, to which we could not agree, we also proposed to them things to which they felt they could not agree and which might be interpreted by some Soviet counterpart of Mr. Taylor as "classic ploys" of conspiring capitalists!

I believe it would be fairer to present this conference as what it proposed to be: a frank exchange of views from which some areas of agreement emerged but whose chief value was the increased mutual understanding of difference. It is not helpful to picture this exchange as a plot by either group of participants.

(Dr.) Dorothy Hutchinson, President
United States Section
Women's International League
for Peace and Freedom
Philadelphia

Mr. Taylor replies: The name of the nominal leader of the Soviet women's delegation given in my article was taken from the monitored report of a Radio Moscow broadcast and phonetic errors sometimes occur in such transcriptions. Presumably Dr. Hutchinson's version of the name is the correct one. I note that Dr. Hutchinson does not appear to question the role of the woman named in my article as the real leader of the delegation, Madame Olga Chechetkina. And I cannot see why Dr. Hutchinson thinks the propaganda success scored by the Soviet women through the release of the seminar's joint resolution at a Soviet embassy reception in Washington was substantially diminished by the previous issue of a statement at Bryn Mawr. Indeed, I consider that my characterization of the incident was perhaps too mild in the light of the report carried by the New York *Times* on November 30: "A group of American and Soviet women urged their Governments today to lessen world tensions by resolving the German crisis by negotiations and by admitting Communist China to the United Nations. . . . The recommendations were disclosed during a news conference at the Soviet embassy here."

BERLIN

To the Editor: In "The Gentle Erosion of Berlin" (*The Reporter*, April 26), George Bailey complains about divided counsel among the western allies in that city. May a German who is reasonably aware—he likes to think—of European and American sensibilities suggest that part of the difficulty may be a feeling (perhaps hardly conscious) of some allied policy advisers that par-

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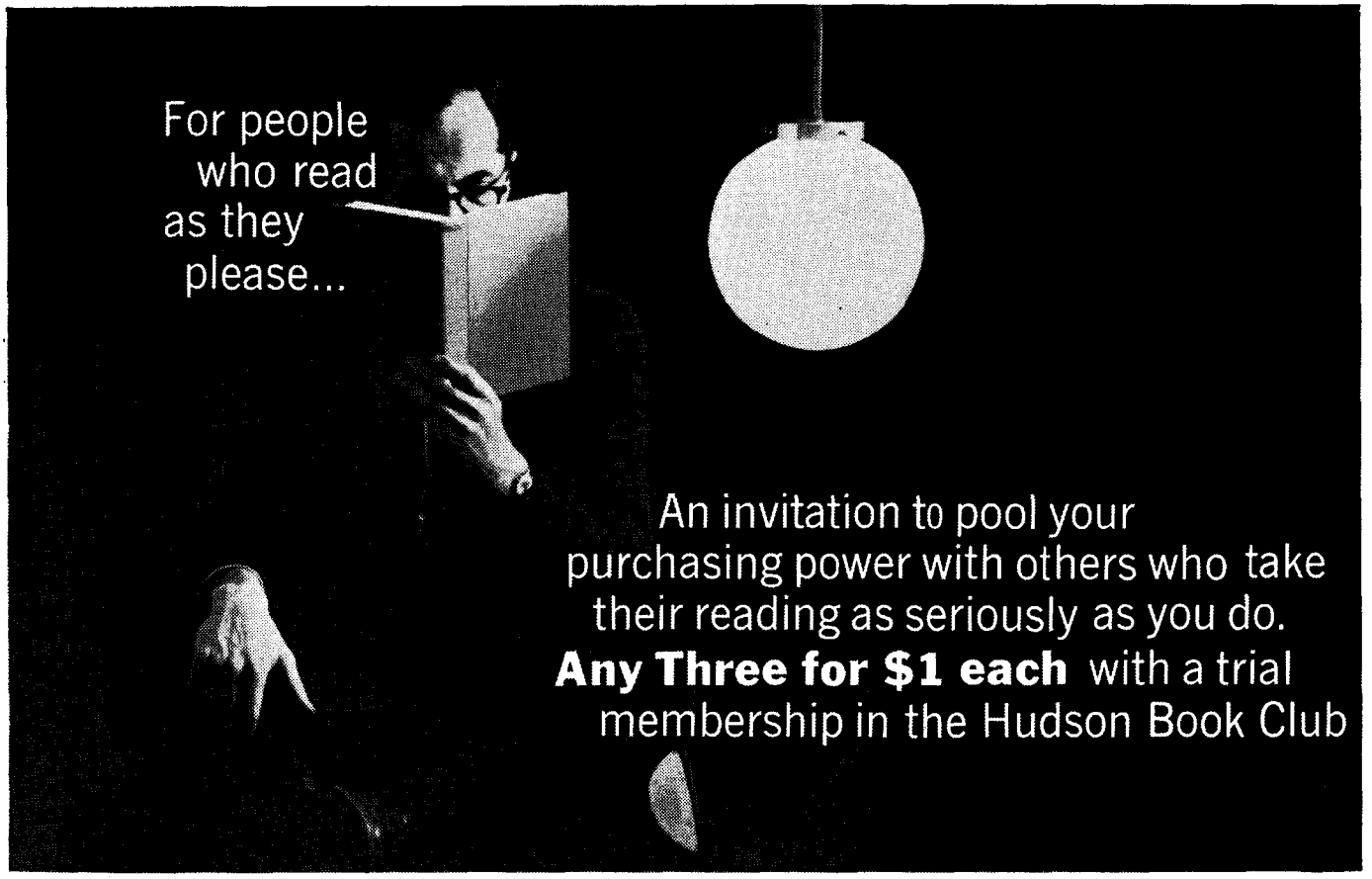
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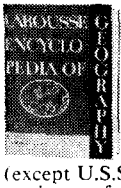

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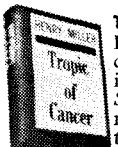

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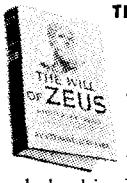

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DR. RICHARD MOENNIG
Inter Nationes
Bonn, Germany

BRITAIN

To the Editor: George Bailey's report, "Britain Adrift" (*The Reporter*, May 10), is quite accurate on a number of points. The Conservative Party is in trouble with the electorate—as is the Labour Party. But the reasons for this "sluggish chaos" are more complex than Mr. Bailey suggests and his examples are particularly misleading.

I wish more of our allies shared, even partially, the "sluggish chaos" (Attlee?) or the "famous British malaise" (Churchill?). This ally has not been susceptible to revolutions and coups, extremist politics, or, with one exception, notably bad judgment. It has contributed substantially to NATO and free-world security, it accomplished postwar recovery with a minimum of outside assistance, and has quite successfully carried out part of the necessary "radical revision of national and international aims." That there are still problems no one would deny. But "a general atmosphere of satisfaction in Whitehall" is not wholly unjustified.

WILLIAM P. SNYDER
Captain, U.S. Army
Trenton, New Jersey

MAPS

To the Editor: I found George H. T. Kimble's article on "The Gaps in Our Maps" (*The Reporter*, May 10) very interesting reading. We on the U.S. Geological Survey are most cognizant of the overwhelming job to be done to meet the needs of this nation for complete map coverage of its topography and geology, as well as the special-purpose mapping needed to help solve mineral, fuel, and water problems and to provide a better understanding of the earth's crust and upper mantle, including sea-covered regions.

CHARLES A. ANDERSON
Chief Geologist
U.S. Department of the Interior
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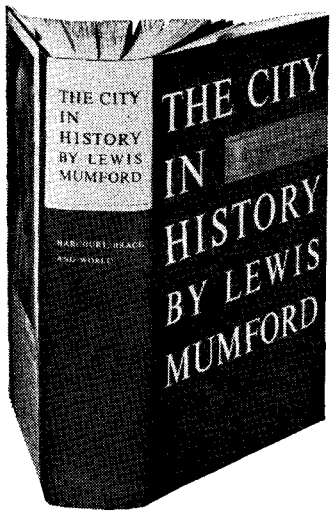

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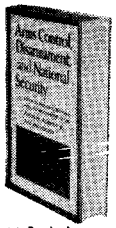

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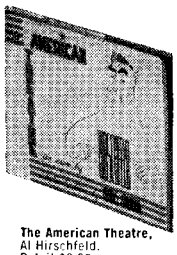

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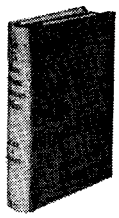

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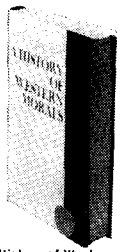

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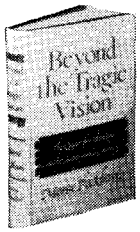

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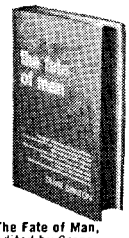

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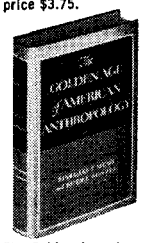

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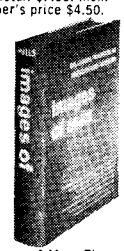

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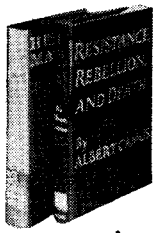

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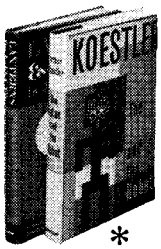

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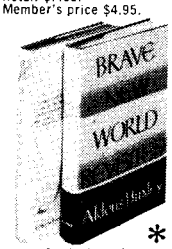

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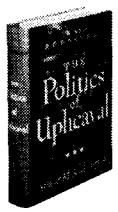

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On Corruption

Whenever a scandal explodes in Washington, both parties tend to attribute it wholesale to the other—and most particularly when it can be attributed to the party in power.

This is how it has been with the revelations about Billie Sol Estes and the cotton-candy empire he spun in the fertilizer and feed-grain business. For weeks now, Washington has been astir with uneasy expectations of where young Billie Sol's money would turn up next. Inevitably, rumor has been corroborated by fantasy before being checked in fact. As if the party in power as a whole were responsible, the Republicans have questioned whether a Democratic investigation of the Estes affair can be above suspicion. Democrats, in turn, have urged a relentless push on the probe of strategic stockpiling, hoping to cause some Republican embarrassment.

There is something old-fashioned about this mutual effort to give a partisan cast to corruption. It doesn't work that way any longer. As far as Billie Sol was concerned, government largesse stretched back into the Republican administration. In the case of the strategic stockpile, the tortuous trail goes back into an earlier Democratic period. Which party commands the White House is of little moment to the corrupter. In our times, corruption takes out bipartisan insurance.

President Kennedy, plugging for his farm bill at a recent press conference, declared: "... I think this represents our best chance to do something about the kind of situation which resulted in Mr. Estes' manipulations." He has a point, we believe, for much of the modern corruption in government lies in the mammoth programs that have frequently outgrown and outlived their purpose. The farm program has been a prime case in point. Pressed into a rigid mold by special interests, it has resisted the best efforts of politicians and administrators to make it fit the needs for which it was designed. This offers constant temptation to ingenious and not overscrupulous manipulators.

This is the curse of bigness. It affects large organizations, public or private, whenever the techniques of control have not kept up with the rate of growth. It raises basic questions about whether the traditional checks and balances, including the checks of Congressional committees and the inquiring press, are working the way they should.

Khrushchev Is a Communist

What is Communist propaganda? Legally speaking, it has no definition and is generally identified by its source—a foreign government or a domestic Communist organization—rather than by its content. Who may read its literature? Anyone who wants to. Subject to certain labeling requirements under the Internal Security Act and the Foreign Agents Registration Act, Communist propaganda may be written, printed, and distributed in this country. The fact that it is has increasingly come to disturb many congressmen, and measures are pending that would restrict its circulation. Some pretty hoary Constitutional issues are involved. "A free society of course involves risks that some of its members will be misled by untruths or propaganda," Justice Byron R. White wrote when, as Deputy Attorney General, he opposed passage of one of the bills. "On the other hand, in view of the experiences of authoritarian countries over the years, the judgment in this country so far has been that the risks of such a system are less than one in which an executive officer determines what citizens may or may not read."

There is another point of view, and in the interest of fairness we feel it should be presented to the public. It was aptly expressed the other day before a subcommittee of the House Committee on Un-American Activities by Mrs. Maude Query Kelsey, chief librarian of the Shelby, North Carolina, public library. While Mrs. Kelsey may not be such an expert on the Constitution as Justice White, she certainly is, as the committee brought out, an expert on Communist propaganda. In the first place, Mrs. Kelsey has been a librarian for thirty years. In the second, she has studied Marxism-Leninism in a Great Books Program and noted a certain "thread" running through certain books. In the third, she has conducted discussion groups on Communism. As a witness, she was very co-operative. Where those who had published the books Mrs. Kelsey objected to had been reluctant to answer questions, Mrs. Kelsey was more than eager to. "May I continue?" she would ask subcommittee counsel John C. Walsh. Her position was clear from the outset. Soviet government documents and Communist Party reports such as those under discussion simply ought not to be available in libraries. There were plenty of other books from which people might learn about Communism anyway. One was W. Cleo Skousen's *The Naked Communist;* another was Dr. Fred Schwarz's *You Can Trust the Communists;* the third was J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit,* at the mention of which Mrs. Kelsey confessed, "I almost feel like standing up."

Mrs. Kelsey then explained that there were three groups of people on whom Communist literature would have a devastating effect: the young, the emotionally and mentally insecure, and "well known crackpots." The young could be divided into two groups: those who would never recover from what they read, and those who would. The latter, however, would forever bear

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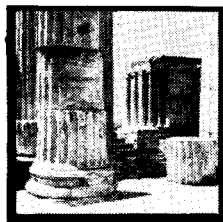

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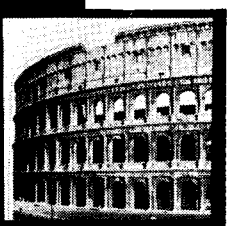

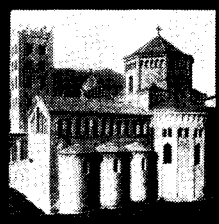

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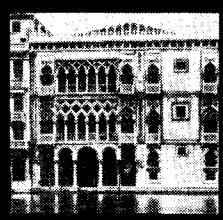

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"scars," since a person does not easily forget that "inner humiliation that at one time he was a gullible goat." Far from being a gullible goat herself, Mrs. Kelsey, as she proceeded to demonstrate, was extremely sensitive in the detection of Communist propaganda.

Some time before, she related, three books arrived unsolicited at the Shelby library. Since two were speeches of N. S. Khrushchev and the third was the party program adopted by the 22nd Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, and since all three bore the return address of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, Mrs. Kelsey suspected that they were Communist propaganda. A careful reading confirmed her suspicions, and she was prepared to share her findings with the committee. She hoped they would not object if she read certain passages out of context. "What I read out of context is sickening enough," she explained. "If I read the whole thing, somebody would have to bring in the basin." Thereupon, Mrs. Kelsey began. "Workers of all countries, unite!" she read in her soft Southern drawl, and proceeded through some very unflattering references to capitalism. When she had finished, committee counsel Walsh asked the key question: "With your thirty years of experience as a librarian, in your studies of Communism, would you say that the foregoing which you have just read is rank Communistic propaganda?"

"Definitely," said Mrs. Kelsey who had been reading from the Soviet Party program. "It definitely is."

"And it shows the pie in the sky to the unaware?" he pursued.

"It truly does," said she.

Having detected certain tendencies in the party program, Mrs. Kelsey went on to read from a book entitled *Khrushchev Reports to the 22nd Congress of the CPSU*. "Long live world peace!" was the way it went. "Under the all-conquering banner of Marxism-Leninism, under the leadership of the Communist Party—forward to the triumph of Communism!"

"In your opinion," asked Walsh, "would you say this book is rank Communistic propaganda, from your thirty years' experience?"

"I would say it definitely is rank Communistic propaganda," Mrs. Kelsey replied, "and I would like to go on record as saying that."

It was at this point that even so appreciative a committee member as Representative August E. Johansen (R., Mich.) looked somewhat perplexed. The witness was not surprised, was she, he asked, to find Communistic propaganda in a Khrushchev speech? Mrs. Kelsey thought a moment and replied that while she was not surprised, she certainly was "incensed."

On the day Mrs. Kelsey testified, there were a number of school children present. If she got her way they would grow up avoiding both the scars and the emetic possibilities of Communist propaganda. Whether that would make them any wiser is, of course, another question.

Coffee Nerves

We drink an awful lot of coffee in the United States—by rough estimate, 137 billion cups per year, or 16.5 pounds for every man, woman, and child. This is eight times the coffee consumption of the tea-drinking British, though less than the Scandinavians', who gulp down twenty pounds per capita. The United States accounts for fifty-five per cent of the world's coffee export market. We drink more coffee, in terms of dollars, than all other non-food beverages—liquor, beer, cola, etc.—combined.

What all this does to our nerves is questionable. But what it does to the nerves of the coffee-producing countries is more susceptible of proof. Six Latin-American nations depend on coffee for more than half of their export earnings; for seven African countries and colonies, the fraction is between a quarter and a half.

The point is of interest because the price of coffee has been in rather steady decline over the past eight years. Colombian coffee, which in 1954 brought ninety-one cents a pound delivered dockside in New York, today brings only forty-three cents a pound. Each drop of one cent per pound costs Latin Americans, it is estimated, $42 million a year. Yet the price of the goods they buy from the United States—tractors, automobiles, etc.—has risen ten per cent during the same eight years.

This has a direct bearing on the politics of a great power. Unless ways can be found to restore and stabilize prices of this single commodity, the capital drain on our neighbors to the south could more than cancel out the Alianza dollars we plan to pump in. In April the finance minister of Colombia, which has received substantial Alianza aid, told a meeting of governors of the Inter-American Development Bank: "The losses suffered in the coffee market since the Punta del Este conference [August, 1961] are two or three times greater than the special aid received . . . As far as Colombia is concerned, as well as most Latin-American countries, the greatest contribution the Alliance for Progress could make would be to establish a world coffee agreement on a long-term basis. So long as this is not achieved, any help that may be given to us, however generous, will not be new blood and fresh life for our economy . . . but will merely act as a palliative to prevent a total collapse."

It's enough to make your hand shake reaching for that second cup.

SCANDAL

With a jubilant shout
The party that's out
Discovers the sin
Of the party that's in.
Faces are red,
Bodies are dead,
And there's something very
Rotten in cotton.

The party that's out
Forgets about
The things it did,
Identical (id.),
When it was in.
They were no sin,
Just errors of judgment—
Sad, not bad.

The party that's out,
Beyond a doubt,
Paid no penny
For anything any-
body could do
To help it through.
Did it stoop to
Fraud? Good Lawd!

—SEC

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MAX ASCOLI

Can We Make Peace with Our Allies?

THIS is a plea for sanity. Men who run our foreign policy or who comment upon it have lately been exhibiting an illiberal intolerance of dissent that cannot long continue without inflicting great harm on our nation. A few weeks ago, for instance, Senator Henry Jackson voiced opinions familiar to *The Reporter's* readers on the use our government should make of the U.N., both in our nation's interest and in that of the world organization. An angry uproar answered him: he was an enemy of the U.N., it was said, and had turned sour on it. To try to define the limits within which the U.N. can work at its best, free from disproportionate burdens and disproportionate hopes, this only proves a shocking lack of faith in what is called the major forum of our foreign policy. We ought to back the U.N.—back it to the hilt. What this means has never been made clear; but never mind.

And then it was the turn of Chancellor Adenauer to get his beating. He did not like the proposals our government had made for settling the access to Berlin; he was worried about the negotiations going on in Geneva over his divided country, and found some consolation in the prospect that, as has happened before, they might not lead anywhere. True, the old chancellor expressed his reactions somewhat intemperately and in a press conference—a peculiar institution our leaders use for the communication of their most thoroughly thought-out, statesmanlike reflections. Few if any kind words were said about the chancellor, aside from the hopeful acknowledgement of his advanced senility.

When de Gaulle spoke out in his own way at an entirely different kind of press conference, fury knew no bounds. By now it is an old story: since he first emerged as the savior of France, this man seems to have had the unique gift of rubbing us the wrong way. Whenever he is mentioned even the people most unfamiliar with French words or history are ready to sneer at *grandeur* and *gloire* and Joan of Arc. And of course he is a nationalist at a time in history when nationalism is considered a virtue, but only for colored people.

Flexibility, even before the Kennedy administration came to power, was hailed as one of the most promising virtues of our foreign policy. But this flexibility is to be used toward the Communists, not toward our ally de Gaulle. He has no real power, it is said, but only a maniacal delusion of power, and then he has no business being around in this day and age. One of the kindest words used to define him lately was to call him an anachronism.

AT THIS POINT an appeal to sanity is in order. There have been too many evidences lately of a habit of intolerance toward people in our ranks and at the same time of accommodating leniency toward our enemy. Perhaps, to regain our bearings, it is good to start from this uncomfortable ally de Gaulle and compare the musty legend with the reality.

Joan of Arc aside, de Gaulle is a believer in the unity of Europe, and thinks that the best evidence of French greatness in our time is the impetus France gives to this unity. He knows that the time is past when France could dream of dominating Europe, just as he knows that the time is past when Europe can be arbiter of the world. All this he has said and written and acted upon.

He is for a type of political European union which limits the freedom of action of the member nations by the establishment of a strong confederal bond but which at the same time respects their narrowed and redefined national identities. Our country insists on advocating European or Atlantic supranationalism with an insistence equaled only by its unwillingness to provide any measure of example. True, the prospect that de Gaulle's united Europe may develop into a third force between ourselves and the Russians, even if allied to us, is unpleasant to the administration. But it should not be more unpleasant than the Russian proposals on Germany and Berlin aimed at the dismemberment of the alliance—proposals that the administration considers negotiable.

"THE ATLANTIC ALLIANCE exists. As long as the Soviets threaten the world, this alliance must be maintained. France is an integral part of it." So said de Gaulle at his press conference. De Gaulle knows that he has a role to play in Europe, just as he has a role to play in the West, which means NATO. Both Europe and the West are not metaphorical flights of fancy. They exist, they are the civilization we live by, and we are most acutely reminded of their existence because of the enemy that faces us. De Gaulle is not a relic of history; rather, he is a man endowed with a rare sense of history that is, of course, far from infallible but that we cannot possibly ignore. He sees the present situation of the West within a range defined by his own interpretation of the past and his projection of that past into the foreseeable future. He has the vision of a Russia that may one day freely rejoin the West—and he is not a visionary. As long as he is at the head of his nation, is there nothing better our leaders can do than sulk and wait for the time when they can come out as pallbearers at his funeral?

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De Gaulle's Design for Europe

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THE LATEST CRISIS in the western alliance—which also threatens eventually to become a major French domestic crisis—is illuminated in a characteristically elliptical passage in President de Gaulle's recent press conference that most American papers neglected to cite.

"There would perhaps be a federator," the general said, referring to what one day might take place in the kind of integrated and supranational Europe that he disapproves of, "but he would not be a European. And it would not be an integrated Europe, but something quite different, much broader and more extensive, with, I repeat, a federator."

As pronounced by de Gaulle, somehow *"fédérateur"* had a sinister ring, and to many Europeans of his generation it does in fact conjure up memories of Bismarck's Prussia. By his repetitive emphasis on the term, de Gaulle presumably meant to warn his fellow Europeans against the danger of being swallowed up in a lopsided Atlantic polity dominated by the United States. But the real sting was in his next sentence: "Perhaps it is this goal that to some degree and at some times inspires certain words of this or that champion of European integration. In that case it would be better to say so."

One of the leading French champions of European integration was present in the stuffy, overdecorated ballroom of the Elysée as de Gaulle spoke. He was former Premier Pierre Pflimlin, de Gaulle's recently appointed minister of state for African affairs, a grave, silver-haired Alsatian who is the mayor of Strasbourg and a leader of the Catholic Mouvement Républicain Populaire, the French counterpart of the German and Italian Christian Democratic Parties. At a council of ministers' meeting the previous week, Pflimlin, who despite misgivings of his party had agreed to enter the cabinet twenty-nine days before, had lectured de Gaulle for forty minutes on the need for combining the integrationist approach with his plan for a political union. In a well-meant attempt to patch up the long-standing quarrel between de Gaulle and the faction of zealous "Europeans" headed by Paul-Henri Spaak, Pflimlin had recently delivered virtually the same lecture to the Belgian foreign minister. Sitting next to Premier Georges Pompidou at the foot of the presidential podium, Pflimlin stiffened in his seat at de Gaulle's apparent insinuation that certain of the European integrationists were undeclared agents of the non-European "federator."

A Protest, Not a Plot

The unfortunate and perhaps misinterpreted remark—"a blow below the belt," as the Socialist organ *Le Populaire* termed it the next day—seems to have been a decisive factor in provoking or at least rationalizing the decision of Pflimlin and the four other MRP ministers to resign from the cabinet.

"In de Gaulle's eyes an integrated Europe would be an Americanized one, and its partisans are thus American accomplices," said an editorial in the official MRP weekly *Forces Nouvelles*. "The ministers who were partisans of a supranational Europe had to choose between craven surrender and their resignation."

Actually, judging from de Gaulle's subsequent appeal to Pflimlin—first in an unprecedented 2 A.M. telephone conversation, then face to face the next morning—to reconsider his resignation, the president had not intended to put the MRP ministers in an untenable position at his press conference and did not realize that he was doing so.

While the turgid emotional atmosphere generated by the situation recalls the disastrous controversy over the stillborn European Defense Community in 1953 and 1954, no comparably clear-cut issue has yet crystallized in the present dispute, either within the purely national framework or between France and its allies. Contrary to the impression given by some American columnists, de Gaulle has not turned his back on the western alliance.

He is not planning to sabotage the Common Market, and the close Franco-German partnership which he views as the cornerstone of European unity does not in his mind imply a refusal to co-operate with his Anglo-Saxon partners. As suggested by the incident with the MRP ministers, the negative aspects of de Gaulle's press conference probably reflect a diffuse protest against what he considers the errors or the inequities of American leadership rather than a calculated statement of French national ambitions incompatible with the larger interests of the alliance.

A recent development that helps

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to explain the bitterness underlying some of the statements made by de Gaulle at his press conference was the almost incredible remark of the State Department's special adviser, Robert Bowie, to the French ambassador in Washington to the effect that France's nuclear ambitions would no doubt evaporate after de Gaulle's disappearance from the political scene. As the normally anti-Gaullist right-wing weekly *Carrefour* commented, Bowie's *gaffe* showed a "profound misunderstanding of the French position," but in some French eyes it had an even more sinister significance. Washington, it is suspected here, is conducting a systematic campaign to foment internal opposition to de Gaulle's policies.

A SIMILAR CAMPAIGN, it is thought, is being conducted in Germany against Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. Certain articles in the U.S. press—notably a recent column of Walter Lippmann's hailing the opposition of European leaders like Spaak and Jean Monnet to the "exclusive and restrictive Europe of General de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer"—are interpreted as signals to what Gaullists call the American lobby here to step up its oppositional activities.

President Kennedy himself was dragged into the overheated French domestic controversy in a political speech delivered by Pflimlin on May 20, which charged that de Gaulle's policies risked provoking an American disengagement from Europe. Alluding to the press conference and the speech Mr. Kennedy had made in reply to it, Pflimlin said, "We are grateful to President Kennedy for having once more affirmed that in case of danger we can count on the United States." At almost the same moment, another prominent member of the "American lobby," the Socialist leader Guy Mollet, was castigating de Gaulle's "Americanophobia" at an important party meeting in the Paris suburbs.

De Gaulle took up the challenge in a speech at Limoges. "France is not in the tow of any other state," he told a huge cheering crowd. "She belongs to that Atlantic alliance which is necessary to the free world, but in this Atlantic alliance she wishes to be France, to have her will, her personality, her soul, and her policy." At one point he interrupted himself to ask, "I am right, am I not?" The crowd's answer was a thunderous "Yes!"

'More Equal Than Others'

The vigorous reactions of General de Gaulle stem from something deeper than mere pique and have not been provoked solely by tactless words or even by indiscreet pressures on the part of American officials. As Cyrus Sulzberger recently diagnosed the situation in a dispatch from Paris to the New York *Times*, "In France we have combined wrong analysis with inappropriate expression of ideas."

The wrong analysis, it is believed here, derives from the Kennedy administration's so-called "grand design" for Europe—a blueprint for organizing the Atlantic world and America's relationship to it credited to Professor Walter Rostow, chairman of the State Department's Policy Planning Council. According to a dispatch from the Washington correspondent of the London *Times*, this seeks to encourage the growth of the European Common Market in close association with the United States, but at the same time to discourage further development of the ripening Franco-German partnership. The plan urges equality and mutual respect between the United States and the Western European community as a whole, but in the words of the British correspondent, the United States is "to be more equal than others."

A MORE PERFECT blueprint could hardly be devised for disrupting the western alliance. At his press conference, de Gaulle warned about once more opening the gates of Europe to the "demons of ill fortune." No doubt de Gaulle's own grand design of confederation within NATO contains a potential threat to western unity. This design is an exaggerated reflection of de Gaulle's loss of confidence, never very strong, in the wisdom of American political leadership.

Adenauer Faces A Cruel Choice

GEORGE BAILEY

BONN

THE West German ship of state, battered in the storm that broke last August 13, has been steering a zigzag course between the sirens of the Anglo-American "new look" and the rock of French obduracy. The ambassador to Moscow is being recalled because he was too soft with the Soviets. The ambassador to Washington is being recalled under American pressure, because he was too hard with the Americans.

At one point Konrad Adenauer was so appalled at the efforts to solve the Berlin problem by concessions at the expense of the Federal Republic that on a trip to Washington last November he found himself agreeing, along with Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder, on a policy of limiting negotiations to Berlin alone. The chancellor zagged less than two weeks later on his return to Bonn when Heinrich von Brentano, the former foreign minister who now leads the Christian Democratic Union in the Bundestag, persuaded him to change his mind. West Germany now has in effect two foreign ministers, each of them representing a different side of the split in domestic politics that corresponds to a division in over-all allied policy.

The latest crisis in German-American relations was set off by the detailed proposals from the American government for a Berlin settlement that were submitted to Bonn on April 12 for approval within twenty-four hours. The short time limit angered every German official involved. But the majority of those who were privileged to see the docu-

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ment were staggered by the implications of the plan for an international authority to control the access routes to West Berlin.

They were alarmed enough by the patent impracticability of a thirteen-nation access-control body made up of four western and four Communist nations, the representatives of East and West Berlin, and three neutral countries. But they also saw in the plan an ominous foreshadowing of a western recognition of East Germany. There is, moreover, a strong tendency among German leaders to regard the internationalization of the Berlin access routes as an inducement to the Soviets to proceed with the signing of a separate peace treaty with East Germany, the assumption being that the main Anglo-American purpose of the plan is to provide a *modus operandi* against the time when the East Germans assume control over all access routes to Berlin.

It was this aspect that prompted Heinrich von Brentano to inspire the leak to the press that Washington officially branded "a breach of trust." There is no doubt that von Brentano was responsible for the leak. But perhaps the best characterization of the episode was given by an American official in Bonn. "It's too bad," he said, "that the Germans couldn't have waited one more day. By that time Washington would have leaked the information."

WHILE the Americans have undertaken the difficult and dangerous task of producing a plan for a Berlin solution capable of engaging and holding Soviet interest, President de Gaulle, of course, has flatly refused to renegotiate the status of Berlin at all. His latest statement in this vein, incidentally, was made on May 15, the day after U.S. Ambassador Walter Dowling smoothed things over with Adenauer and put a formal end to the German-American crisis.

Because they press directly on the vital nerve of Franco-German amity, de Gaulle's various recent statements concerning Berlin, the Common Market, nuclear capability, and a united Europe as a third force have galvanized German political leaders into a frenzy of action. The first German leader to take a stand on de Gaulle's May 15 statement was Mayor Willy Brandt of West Berlin, who expressed his respect for the general but added that he could not agree with his refusal to renegotiate access to Berlin. It was not only a question of allied traffic. What mainly interested Brandt was the question whether Berliners could travel from and to Berlin and move freely within the city.

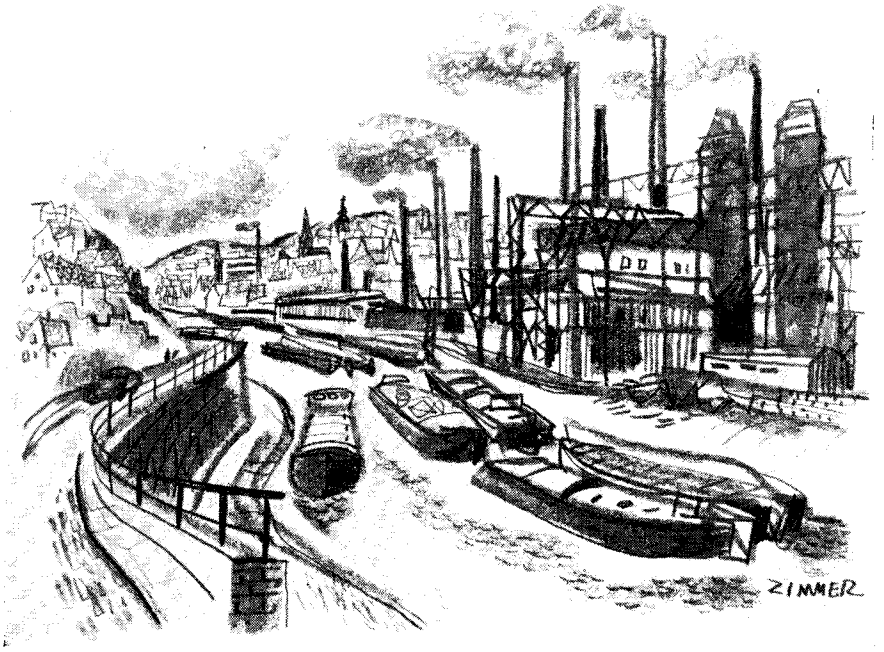
This clearly implies removal of the wall. The full significance of this statement emerges if Brandt's speech in Paris in December is remembered. At that time he reminded his audience that all existing agreements among the four powers on Berlin concerned the whole of Berlin, so that he and his colleagues "could not conceive of any negotiations on Berlin that would not involve the city as a whole." Thus Brandt's position is not so far removed from de Gaulle's as his careful language at first makes it appear.

After the wall was put up in Berlin last August, it seemed to many West Germans that their country was confronted with the cruel choice between sacrificing Berlin and thus renouncing all hope of reunification on one hand or giving up the idea of a united Europe on the other. Now, confronted with de Gaulle's insistence on united Europe as a third force and with American insistence on an Atlantic community, Germany sees itself in grave danger of being forced to sacrifice both reunification and European integration. Adenauer is faced with the possibility of seeing his life work come crashing down about him.

Yet despite the conflict between U.S. and French policy, it is significant that there has been no crisis in Franco-German relations. Given the long-standing fear of eventual American withdrawal from Europe, Germany instinctively turns to its great hope of the postwar era—European unity, the irreducible minimum of which is Franco-German co-operation. But the European community is more than a German hope. It has become a long-sought object of German pride. Adenauer's greatest accomplishment has been the broadening of German patriotism into a European ideal.

PARADOXICALLY, the tensions generated by the power struggles in West German politics, which reflect the power struggles in the alliance itself, tend to hold the chancellor in place. His grip on affairs is loosening, but as a German proverb has it, "Even a dying lion can inflict a mortal wound." And foreign policy is still well within the lion's reach.

Meanwhile, with all the alarums and excursions amply demonstrating the central significance of Berlin for the alliance, German attention—and not only German attention—is now fully focused on Berlin. This may be no small achievement in itself.



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AT HOME & ABROAD

The Politics of Foreign Aid: Faith, Hope, or Charity?

DOUGLASS CATER

WASHINGTON

LATE in February, a Washington *Post* editorial, resorting to an unseasonal cliché, remarked that the Alianza para Progreso was running in some respects "like the proverbial dry creek." The repercussions were swift. Top officials from State and the Agency for International Development were summoned to the President's office for an accounting, and the meeting quickly got down to cases. There had been difficulty obtaining adequate secretarial help for the overworked Alianza executives. Kennedy gave the word and a private secretarial service, Kelly Girls, Inc., was called to fill the breach. (The girls are now being "phased out" since the discovery that their hiring ran afoul of General Accounting Office procedures.) For another obstacle, office space was both cramped and scattered all over town. Within hours, a building was being made ready. (This, too, was canceled when it was subsequently decided that the Alianza should have a back-to-back relationship with corresponding desks in the State Department.) Finally, the co-ordinator of the Alianza, Teodoro Moscoso, disclosed that he needed a good executive officer. "Name him," the President demanded. Moscoso mentioned an officer in State. Next day, the man had his orders.

The episode was a dramatic example of the way a forceful President can peel away the pesky little problems that stifle great programs. But it also revealed good cause for jitters. Last year, in presenting his foreign-aid message to Congress, Kennedy spoke disparagingly of the existing program as "Bureaucratically fragmented, awkward and slow, its administration . . . . diffused over a haphazard and irrational structure . . . . Piecemeal projects, hastily designed to match the rhythm of the fiscal year. . . ." He sent Congress a plan for a brand-new agency, AID (Agency for International Development), to take the place of ICA, which had been preceded by FOA, MSA, and ECA. This one would pull together existing loosely connected economic-aid programs and give a considerable thrust to what Kennedy proclaimed a "Decade of Development." AID would be long-term and far-reaching, with the economic program of the infant Alianza one of its four regional operations. Unlike the previous reorganizations, this was to be more than an alphabetical name change.

Hirings and Firings

Delays plagued the program from the start. To fill the transition between the old and new agencies, Kennedy appointed Henry Labouisse, an able and experienced government servant who worked hard to push the new act through Congress. But along the way, the White House reached the conclusion that Labouisse was not tough enough for the job ahead.

Getting a replacement for him did not turn out to be easy. After a long search, the President offered the job to George Woods, a New York banker. But when word of this leaked out, memories were stirred that Woods had played an entrepreneurial role in the Dixon-Yates case. Contrary to White House expectations, the resistance on Capitol Hill was prompt and fierce. Mr. Woods found himself dropped.

By then, the administration was in the embarrassing position of seeking funds for the new agency without being able to tell Congress who would head it. The quest led to Fowler Hamilton, a Wall Street lawyer from Missouri who had been cleared to replace Allen Dulles but was not particularly eager for the CIA job. Hamilton, energetic and with a reputation for toughness, took over the foreign-aid operation on October 3.

It was only thirty-two days before AID was scheduled to be born on November 4. As boss of approximately fifteen thousand employees at home and overseas, Hamilton was held responsible by statute for deciding personally which of them should be transferred into the new agency. He made a valiant effort to meet this responsibility. Working frantically against the clock, personnel officers reviewed the files and singled out more than eight hundred who had received the lowest passing rating—"satisfactory"—during the past three years. A review board screened these and recommended 345 dismissals. When 233 appealed, Hamilton read each file himself, spending evenings and weekends at this onerous task. Finally, 158 were dropped. It was, Hamilton admits wryly, far more nerve-racking than starting a new agency from the ground up.

But the firings provide only a partial idea of the agency's internal agonies. Simultaneously, the preordained reorganization was being carried out, which meant dissolving most of the existing offices in order to set up the huge semi-autonomous regional bureaus. Few of the carryovers had any certainty of what jobs they would land, if any. And the assignments were being handled by administrative officers who were uncertain of their own futures.

THIS past winter, AID came close to bureaucratic trauma. Already demoralized by frequent shakeups during the former administration, many employees gave way to total despair at what was happening under the new one. An effort headed by Thomas J. Watson, Jr., of IBM to recruit new mission chiefs from the business community was cynically labeled "Operation Tycoon" by the old-timers.

It was inevitable that the Alianza would have the most troubles. Designed to become the largest of the four regional bureaus, it was supposed to get going in a hurry. Yet not until November 14, eight months after Kennedy's proclamation and nearly three months after Secretary of the Treasury Douglas

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Dillon had signed the charter of the Alianza at Punta del Este, Uruguay, was Teodoro Moscoso recalled as ambassador to Venezuela to take over as co-ordinator.

Moscoso, a brilliant and dedicated man who once headed Puerto Rico's successful development program, had a number of handicaps in facing the vastly more complex development problems of Latin America. He was new to the jungle warfare of Washington. He inherited a bureaucracy that, because of long neglect, was notably deficient. And he soon found that in the demoralized condition of the agency, even little things like getting desks and telephones for his assistants required mammoth endeavors.

For a time after the February meeting at the White House, a movement seeking to take the Alianza out from under AID gathered force. There were arguments that it could more easily acquire charisma as well as office space as a separate agency. Rumors of clash and controversy rolled around Washington. But finally a sober second judgment was reached that bureau shuffling had practical as well as political limits.

As far as the outsider can tell, the agency has now gone through the worst of its agonies with no lingering feuds or lasting damage. During all the turmoil, Administrator Hamilton, a shrewd and purposeful man, stuck doggedly to the task of recruiting the best talent he could find as his chief deputies. Though it meant delays in prying them loose from their old jobs, most informed observers agree that the agency is better staffed in upper ranks than at any time since Paul Hoffman set up the Economic Cooperation Administration to administer the Marshall Plan. Hamilton has particularly sought successful top management executives rather than technical experts, who he feels are less equipped to deal with a recipient country's over-all problems.

Some AID Firsts

The New Frontier has brought a new purpose as well as a new vocabulary to foreign aid. "Defense support," formerly a category which accounted for most of the nonmilitary funds and which was used, grab-bag fashion, for a wide variety of needs, has been relabeled "supporting assistance" and reduced drastically. Development aid will get the lion's share of the funds. Projects are no longer to be selected at random. They must be part of a long-term package. The emphasis is on country plans—in Kennedy's words, "a carefully thought through program tailored to meet the needs and the resource potential of each individual country. . . ."

With customary pragmatism, Kennedy spokesmen cite hard-boiled arguments for skeptical members of Congress. American assistance, it is claimed, is to be a hard bargain—the recipient country must contribute a substantial measure of self-help on a no-perform no-pay basis. Unlike the Marshall Plan, the greater part of the program will be in loans, not grants. AID officials point to a tightened requirement that recipients make purchases in this country. They are tying assistance in other ways. There is an increasing use of the consortium approach, in which the U.S. pools its efforts with West Germany, Japan, and others that can afford to do their share.

Finally, the argument is made that for the first time our aid program is only one component of a total strategy to deal with the underdeveloped regions. While the recipient countries act to cure their own economic and social maladies, the United States is working to curb some of the external forces that have aggravated their wretched condition. Fluctuations in the world commodity markets in recent years have robbed Latin America of far more capital than the total inflow of investments from all sources, government and private. As a beginning, an international conference will meet in New York in July to work out ways of stabilizing the price of coffee, which vitally affects the economies of several countries.

WHEN General Marshall spoke at the Harvard Commencement in 1947, he discussed Europe's plight in words of dry understatement. Many in his audience that day were not aware that a "plan" was being born. "Any government that is willing to assist in the task of recovery," he said matter-of-factly, "will find full cooperation, I am sure, on the part of the United States Government."

Compared to Marshall's cool commitment, the rhetoric of foreign aid has had a remarkable flowering. Kennedy's message to Congress last year spoke of a "new partnership between the northern and southern halves of the world" which would help achieve a "decisive turnaround" for less developed countries. The Alianza has been depicted by the President as ". . . a vast co-operative effort, unparalleled in magnitude and nobility of purpose." And he has exhorted, "Let us once again transform the American continent into a vast crucible of revolutionary ideas and efforts . . ."

In the new rhetoric, the Decade of Development is to be devoted to nothing less than "nation building." U.S. foreign aid, according to one enthusiastic official, has entered the "professional stage." In promising to devote to the Alianza resources "sufficient to make this bold development plan a success," Kennedy recalled U.S. experience in rebuilding the economies of Western Europe—"against equal odds nearly."

But is the Alianza a proposition of nearly equal odds? American know-how in the field of economic development, in contrast to economic rehabilitation, is still in a primitive state. The government finds vast complications in trying to work out an area redevelopment plan for depressed parts of this country like West Virginia. To compare the magnitude of the problem for many of the newborn nations whose economic destiny AID is now being called upon to chart strains the brain.

So far at least, the prospect of the Alianza has not inspired in Latin America anything like the buoyant hopes it has provoked in some quar-

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ters in Washington. Governor Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico told an AFL-CIO conference in May, "What deeply troubles me is the seeming lack of emotional commitment in this great and historic venture." Part of the reason, undoubtedly, is the long legacy of mistrust felt for the *Yanqui's* big ideas. Part, too, is the difficulty of appealing to the progressive groups over the heads of many leaders who have no intention of helping engineer their own demise. As Co-ordinator Moscoso says philosophically, time is needed for a few election campaigns to be waged over the Alianza.

Some prospective beneficiaries have been less prompt to grasp the self-help side of the equation than the promise of U.S. bounty. After the Punta del Este conference last January, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Richard Goodwin accepted an invitation from the Chilean government to pay a courtesy visit in March. As the time approached, both government and press in Santiago began to hail the arrival of Goodwin, known as a Kennedy confidant, as the coming of Santa Claus. When the U.S. government proposed substituting Moscoso as the appropriate official to discuss aid policy, a Chilean cabinet officer threatened to resign, and the currency dropped several points. As a result, both U.S. officials were dispatched on what Washington billed as the Moscoso-Goodwin mission and Santiago the Goodwin-Moscoso.

Fortunately, the two men maintained unity and managed to negotiate several conditions of internal reform in return for an aid agreement. Even so, they ran into one of the political realities of aidsmanship. The Chilean government said it would be "politically embarrassing" to publish these concessions, and the mission had to return home without the public trophies that might impress U.S. congressmen.

Overexpansive promises in the field of aid can stimulate an urge for quick dividends. There is an unrelenting demand in Washington for quickie successes even from those who should know better. After the downfall of Trujillo, AID was exhorted to move in on a massive scale to make a "showcase" of the Dominican Republic. Even though an inexperienced new coalition government there has been slow in coming forth with propositions, AID has been terribly eager. Forty-eight hours after a request was received for advice on a Yaque River Valley development program, Moscoso had David Lilienthal and Gordon Clapp, of the old TVA pantheon, airborne for Santo Domingo. As Moscoso points out, it was a good idea, but, more importantly, it was the Dominicans' idea.

Selling Congress

There is danger that rhetoric outrunning reality will bring disillusionment both abroad and at home. Despite the tumult and the touting, the program on which the administration has embarked in Asia, Africa, and Latin America is spread terribly thin in dollars and trained manpower. A Decade of Development may prove fleeting when it comes to achieving Kennedy's high hopes for "the ultimate day when all nations can be self-reliant and when foreign aid will no longer be needed . . ."

It should be possible, some argue, to carry on the salesmanship in more realistic terms. Wise leaders in the underdeveloped countries must realize that there is risk in pushing the strategy of development too furiously. A recent visitor to Washington, President Félix Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast Republic, quotes a French maxim, "Let us go slowly, slowly—I am in a hurry."

Outside assistance can serve as a healthy stimulant for countries that are really prepared to begin a bootstrap operation. But for many, the "country plan" is bound to be more a vision than a blueprint. Despite the expectations of AID planners, there will still have to be crash projects for crisis situations.

In selling Congress, also, hard realism may prove more beneficial than high hopes. Whatever its past limitations, the aid program has proved a useful instrument in this country's foreign relations. If a shrewdly calculated program of economic development can be started and stuck to, it should pay off in durable allies and endurable neutrals. But it should be judged neither in terms of buying friendships nor of "building nations."

Congress has a way of eventually showing up the omissions in oversimplified arguments presented to it. For too long it was sold on the aid program as a means of combating Communism. Now a committee headed by Representative Porter Hardy, Jr. (D. Virginia), is delving into the problems of "co-mingling," in which U.S. funds have turned up in the same projects as those from the Communist bloc in little countries like Cambodia. AID officials have the delicate task of explaining that Soviet foreign aid is not necessarily a bad thing if it helps a neutral country become "viable."

Last year, Kennedy officials oversold the need for long-term financing and ran into trouble when it was proposed that Congress instead review any substantial projects after they were negotiated. The compromise—to permit long-term authorizations but annual appropriations—was a dubious achievement. It has downgraded the role of the two foreign-policy committees of Congress, long friendly to the program, and given more power to the foes of foreign aid on the House and Senate Appropriations subcommittees.

CONGRESS has tended to grow jaded as it goes through the annual review. The committee members, listening to the arguments each year, begin to feel that they have heard it all before. During Eisenhower's tenure, four aid administrators came and went. What the committee members want most of all, one remarked dourly, is for someone to remain long enough to understand his job better than they do.

Congress's attitude toward the Kennedy program is not yet clear. One senior senator on the Foreign Relations Committee, asked to characterize the mood during this year's hearings, replied with uncharacteristic succinctness, "Boredom." A House Democrat was more expansive. "Last year we acted with hope in adopting AID. This year, we'll probably sustain it on faith. But next year, unless we see some results, it will be pure charity if we keep it going."

It is not certain just what results the congressman expects to see in so short a time. But certainly his expectations have not been diminished one whit by the rhetoric he has been hearing.

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THE FRONT LINES OF ASIA

1. Two-Headed Pennies in Laos

DENIS WARNER

IN THE VIEW of many government officials in Southeast Asia, including some whose vision we are apt to regard as myopic where Communism is concerned, a genuinely neutral Laos no longer seems even a remote possibility. "Laos is lost," says Dr. Subandrio, the Indonesian foreign minister. Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia shares this opinion. It is prevalent also in Bangkok, Manila, Singapore, and Saigon. "Maybe Laotian neutrality will last a year or two, or even longer," is a Canberra assessment of the situation. "The Communists don't seem to be in a hurry and it may suit them to play it that way. But they're playing with two-headed pennies and can't lose."

This allusion to the Australian coin-tossing game of "two-up" may be obscure to the uninitiated, but there is no longer much obscurity about what happened in Laos. Years of western military and economic aid failed to produce an army that fought or a government that governed. Though the Royal Lao Army, now expanded to a peak strength of more than fifty thousand men, is by far the largest force in the country, real authority rests with the numerically much smaller forces that recognize the leadership of neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma and his Communist-oriented half-brother, Prince Souphanouvong, and are armed by the Russians and trained by North Vietnam.

Under the circumstances, a coalition government as outlined at Geneva last summer may be the best the West can hope for. But to pretend that from our Laotian misadventures we are likely to reap a fruitful harvest, or that neutrality, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, is to invite disaster elsewhere. Moscow, Peking, and Hanoi have not been slow to catch on and are now urging that the Geneva formula for peace in Laos establishes a precedent that ought to be followed in South Vietnam. Pnompenh, Paris, Rangoon, and New Delhi also favor a negotiated settlement there. The London *Times* is in favor.

As in Laos, where the British embassy produced the most telling and best-documented account of Vietminh domination of the Pathet Lao organization, the British have no illusions about Hanoi's direction of the Viet Cong in South Vietnam. Where the United States and Britain differ radically, however, is in their appreciation of what the current military effort should lead to. The American official in Saigon looks to victory in the future; his British colleague hopes for nothing more than a stalemate and the creation of a position from which to negotiate. But if a neutral solution is proper in Laos, why shouldn't a neutral solution also be proper in Vietnam?

What has already happened in Laos deserves to rank with such watersheds of modern Southeast Asian history as the arrival of the Chinese Communist forces on the borders of Burma, Laos, and North Vietnam in 1949 and the fall of Dienbienphu in 1954. The first brought Chinese military aid and tactics to the Vietminh and precipitated the direct and active interest of the United States on the mainland of Southeast Asia, hitherto the closed colonial preserve of the European powers. The second gave birth to the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, which John Foster Dulles intended as a "mantle of protection" over Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam and as an assurance of assistance in the event of Communist attack for the Asian SEATO members, Pakistan, Thailand, and the Philippines.

Where Is SEATO?

Although Cambodia's insistence that SEATO was more an enemy than a friend opened the way for Communist China's easy if limited access into the heartland of Southeast Asia, the treaty organization served the limited purpose of making the Communists cautious, even if it did not cow them.

The downfall of SEATO came with the Laotian crisis in the winter and spring of 1960-1961. Ever since, the organization has been quietly falling to pieces. Britain and France were against treaty action. They argued that it would prove ineffective and might easily lead to the wrong war in the wrong place. The argument in favor of intervention lacked persuasiveness because its advocates were not fully persuaded themselves. In the end, Britain and France carried

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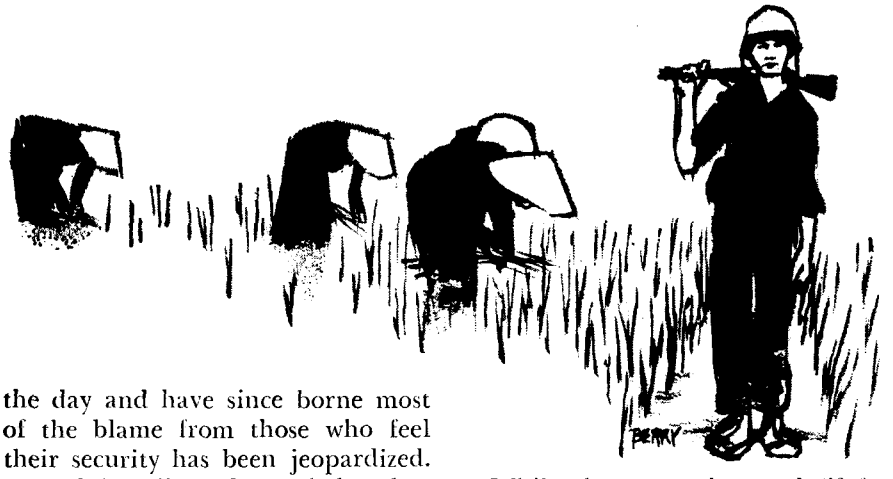

the day and have since borne most of the blame from those who feel their security has been jeopardized. In both Manila and Bangkok today, many officials would welcome their resignation from SEATO. Failing this, Thailand has proposed an amendment to the rules that would revoke the unanimity procedure and bring about treaty action by the vote of six of the eight members. Australia, in fraternal Commonwealth support of Britain, suggests that two negative votes should constitute a veto but that one negative vote and one abstention should not.

Since SEATO without the deterrent power of the United States would always have been very much of a paper tiger, and since the United States is now acting unilaterally instead of collectively, it may well be argued that nothing has really changed and that the fading away of SEATO does not matter. This is not entirely justified. There were weaknesses enough in the anti-Communist policies that SEATO pursued in Southeast Asian countries, including Laos. These policies were based, nevertheless, on the demonstrable fact that the Communists were working to take over the area and that, especially in Laos, they were making considerable progress.

THE PRESENT POLICY is based on an assumption that the Communists have made an exception of Laos, that they want nothing more there than a truly neutral state. This assumption springs from Russian pledges made privately in Moscow and Geneva, coupled with the confidential note of urgency that we must all hurry up with the job to keep the Chinese out. Thus the change is not only in policy but, at least in part, in the premise on which policy is based.

While there may be good (if far from obvious) reasons for taking such assurances at face value, there are also some obvious reasons for doubt. Khrushchev's current interpretation of peaceful coexistence does not exclude revolutions of the Laotian type. The principal article in the April issue of *International Affairs*, which is published by the Soviet Society for the Popularization of Political and Scientific Knowledge, deals specifically with this point. It reaffirms that both the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and the international Communist movement "consider peaceful coexistence as a form of class struggle on a world scale. They do not think that a devastating war is needed for the revolutionary transformation of the countries that have not yet taken the socialist road." It adds that "revolutionary national-liberation wars, like class struggles in any capitalist country, do not clash with coexistence, and can be brought to success only under peaceful coexistence." In short, the "neutrality" Khrushchev envisages for Laos is not at all inconsistent with *International Affairs*' concept of a national liberation war "brought to success."

He is pursuing a similar policy with Indonesia. In the West New Guinea dispute, for instance, Holland is ready to settle on any terms that will permit its withdrawal with dignity, while there is every reason to believe that the Indonesians' intransigence and apparent predilection for some bloodletting are largely Russian-inspired. It may be that Moscow believes it will steal a march on China by consolidating itself in Indonesia while working for a neutral Laos.

As for keeping the Chinese out, it is already very late. "We are next to China and we can't ignore 650 million Chinese," said Prince Souvanna Phouma when I saw him at the Plaine des Jarres late last year. Some of his reasons have since become apparent. Ting Jung-cheng, who had just been accepted by Souvanna Phouma as the Chinese consul general at Phongsaly in northern Laos, is also a major general in the People's Liberation Army. Before his appointment he was stationed for several years on the southwest border of China. He commanded the Chinese forces in the Kunming area and also served as adviser to the Chinese delegation on the Sino-Burmese Joint Boundary Commission in 1960. Ho Wei, the first leader of the Chinese economic-cultural delegation to the neutralist and Communist areas of Laos, was concurrently ambassador to North Vietnam until his recall to Peking on March 24. A veteran of the Long March and a former Communist mayor of Canton, he served as assistant to the minister of foreign affairs from 1954 to 1957. His deputy in Phongsaly, Liu Chun, who was appointed president of the Central Nationalities College only last year and served in senior party posts in Inner Mongolia and Yunnan, is also a member of the United Front Work Department of the central committee of the Chinese Communist Party.

The economic-cultural delegation's first gift after its arrival in Laos last October was the offer of a highway to link Mongla in Yunnan Province with Phongsaly. The Chinese will bear all costs and undertake all construction work in both China and Laos. Like other southbound Chinese roads, including the Lhasa-Katmandu link and another in the Wa States of northeastern Burma, this highway may help to improve cultural and economic relations between China and its neighbors. It could also be very useful for moving Chinese troops and military equipment.

More Pretense Than Policy

Assuming for the moment that Moscow is serious when it says it is concerned only to bring about a neutral Laos, what possible assurance is there, in view of the present rela-

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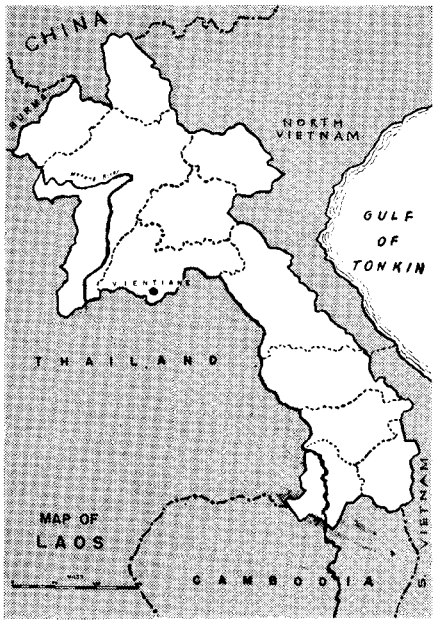
tions between the Soviet Union and Communist China, that Peking has similar interests or can be kept in order by Khrushchev? "At first sight the split between Moscow and Peking seems very encouraging," said a Vietnamese official, "but if it means only that the Russians can disclaim responsibility every time the Chinese grab more territory, the result is not going to be very helpful for any of us."

In any event, Russian influence among Southeast Asian Communist Parties has waned to the point where not a single party is prepared to antagonize Peking. In Hanoi, where Ho Chi Minh once leaned toward Moscow, the Laodong (Communist) Party sent a message of congratulations on the twentieth anniversary of the Albanian party and also published an article entitled "Brilliant and Victorious Twenty Years of the Albanian Workers' Party" in the party newspaper, *Nhan Dan*. The Thai, Burmese, and Malayan Communist Parties have all expressed their approval of the Albanian leadership. And D. N. Aidit of Indonesia, leader of that country's Communist Party, not only supported the Chinese stand but also canvassed for the creation of an Asian Communist international secretariat to co-ordinate regional policies. It now goes almost without saying that Peking, not Moscow, would have the strongest voice in such a secretariat.

The truth is not that Washington, London, and Paris have had the wool pulled over their eyes in Laos. Western attitudes there are now pretense rather than policy. "Of course we know that Laos's chances of neutrality are slight, but the more we say so the more difficult it is for the Americans," said one British diplomat in the region.

DESPITE the ignominious setback of his forces at Nam Tha, the rightist General Phoumi Nosavan may still cause an upset. Together with Prince Boun Oum, premier and nominal leader of the Royal Lao Government, he set off in April to visit Thailand, South Vietnam, Malaya, South Korea, and Formosa in search of "active and effective comprehension of Laos's troubles." At the same time, Captain (now General) Kong Lae, Prince Souvanna Phouma's top military man, and General Singkapo, Prince Souphanouvong's man, began a rival tour of North Vietnam, China, the Soviet Union, and Eastern Europe.

The web of deception was never more tangled and rarely more dangerous. Doubtless Phoumi's rearguard action against Washington will fold eventually and Laos some day will set out on its Geneva-determined course. Then the pressure for a similar solution in South Vietnam will be certain to increase. The British and French are fearful of the depth of the U.S. military involvement there. They contend that substantially increased numbers of non-Asian troops would lend "colonial" coloration to the war and increase the danger of escalation. Further, they say, the evidence now suggests that the attack on President Ngo Dinh Diem's palace in February was, in fact, a bungled coup d'état, that the causes which precipitated it have not been removed, and that the prospects are for more attempted coups.



There is some truth in all these contentions. But implicit in them also is the suggestion that it would be better to fight the war over the conference table. The Viet Cong rebels in South Vietnam fully concur. Their line now is that they are not fighting to create a Communist state but only to "defeat the war of aggression waged by the United States and its lackeys, so as to achieve independence, democracy, peace, and neutrality." With the assurance of even limited support from Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, and the Philippines, the United States might not be greatly embarrassed if, under grave military pressure, it had to embark on further ventures in South Vietnam, or elsewhere in Southeast Asia, without the approval or the help of its European allies. But the point is that military pressures are not likely to be grave—only persistent. As General No Nguyen Giap, the Vietminh commander-in-chief, pointed out after the 1954 Geneva conference, successful wars of national liberation are begun in the field but never finished there. It would be easier, therefore, for the United States to meet a Korean-type Communist offensive in which the challenge is direct and readily identifiable than it would be to counter another Laotian-type "peace" offensive in South Vietnam.

WASHINGTON'S decision of last year to draw the line in Vietnam when the war was in Laos has raised doubts that will not be easy to dispel. The doubts, naturally enough, are stronger among those who feel themselves most threatened. "Recent history in this part of the world suggests that where Paris or London do not care to tread, Washington does not often walk," said a cynical Thai, commenting on the latest U.S. assurances of protection.

The testing period will come next year after the monsoons when the traditional campaigning season begins in Vietnam. Viet Cong military operations and more persistent and louder calls for a negotiated peace based on "true neutrality" are likely to be the twin prongs of the Communist offensive.

There are many who fear the outcome. "Averell Harriman [the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs] has the chance to go down in history as the Churchill or the Chamberlain of Southeast Asia," wrote Sir Wilfrid Kent Hughes, the retiring chairman of the Australian Parliamentary Foreign Affairs Committee, at the end of a recent Southeast Asian tour. "When I was in Bangkok, he seemed to have decided on the latter, umbrella and all."

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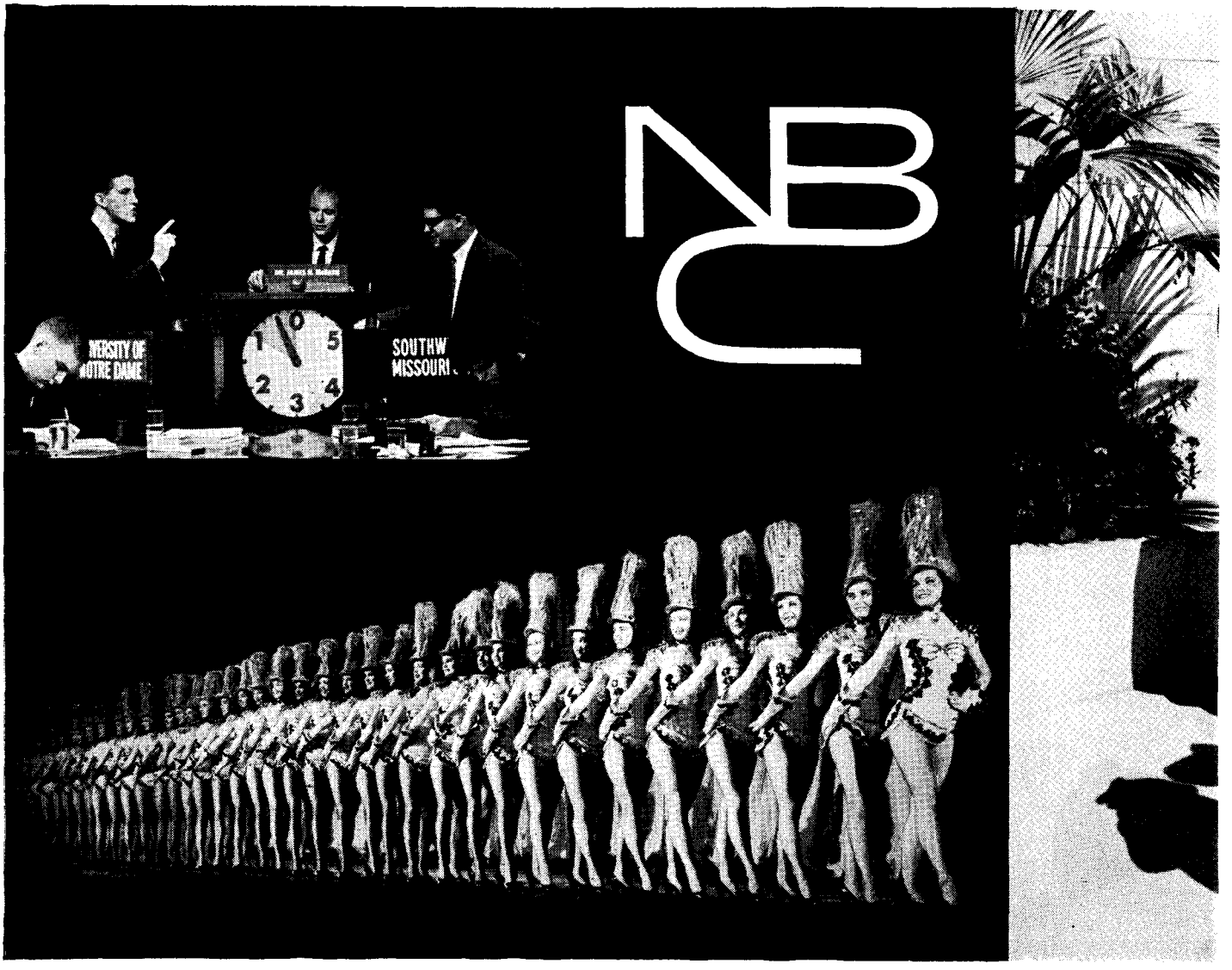
A COLLEGE DEBATE/A ROW OF ROCKETTES/A JOURNEY WITH JACQUELINE/SHARI, HUSH PUPPY



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2. An Exposed Flank In South Vietnam

S. L. A. MARSHALL

SAIGON

ADVICE to graying war correspondents who may be headed this way to smell out their favorite kind of work: quit Saigon as quickly as possible or you'll doubt that there's anything to find.

One place to go is the Kontum Plateau in the extreme north of South Vietnam. That is the fighting ground of the 22nd South Vietnam Division, which is supplied with ninety-eight United States Army advisers. A visitor is not likely to share hair-raising anti-guerrilla exploits, but he can talk with soldiers at close grips with the problem—insofar as it may be grasped.

Up north, as in Saigon, operations have the same feeling of unreality and elusiveness, as of men contending with phantoms. Afield there is much ponderous punching in air, while at main base there is much positive planning of programs more proliferating than practical.

We have in Saigon a typically overelaborated U.S. military headquarters. Not because General Paul D. Harkins wants it that way; he inherited it. Perhaps the never-ending VIP traffic, as well as the constant negotiations with the Saigon bureaucracy, makes it necessary. But its size and ceremonial side are in odd contrast to the nature of the mission.

Contradictions abound. American military opinion is at best conservatively optimistic. No one predicts conclusive victory, whether sooner or later. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, by stopping over long enough to say, "We will win in South Vietnam," did not alter the consensus that there is no terminal point in view.

Despite this lack, morale among U.S. forces in the field is astonishingly high. A main prop to it is that the Americans get along splendidly with the Viet soldiers. They speak of the "Arvins"—a squad-room contraction of Army Vietnam—in terms of affection bordering on respect. Said one senior adviser, Lieutenant Colonel A. J. Tencza: "They're competent, aggressive, and hard. They want to get at the Communists as much as we do. There's little we can tell them. We're working partners and they've got plenty on the ball."

The most thoroughly unhappy Americans in the country are the correspondents. Because the government of President Ngo Dinh Diem keeps them at arm's length, they fall back on rumor and hearsay, much of it embarrassing to the régime and, according to United States officials, of dubious authenticity. This situation, aggravated by a critical shortage of transport, makes it difficult for the U.S. military to extend wholehearted co-operation to the newsmen. And from this rift is generated an inordinate strain on relations.

Though called a war, this campaign has no front line or rear, and to try to explain it by reciting numbers makes the struggle sound absurd. For instance, there is a plan in Saigon to armor and consolidate more than six thousand villages into "strategic hamlets" during 1962. The label applies to any settlement of farmers where Viet Congs prowl. The hamlets will be palisaded with bamboo spikes and other defensive works. By night the hardier young men will patrol outside, though, contrary to report, Viet Congs are more likely to hit by day.

SO WE HAVE South Vietnam making like the American frontier when Hurons and Pottawattamies scalped. Yet by official estimate, there are only approximately twenty thousand Viet Congs inside the country, living on someone else's rice and fish, murdering with such weapons as they can scrounge, raiding where they are least expected, and sleeping in the jungle along with other predators. It's simple to declare open season on Congs but almost impossible to identify the game. For these reasons, G2 estimates of their hard-core strength border on the occult, even though they are more credible than the account in an American weekly news magazine that had six thousand Viet Congs gunned down in recent months.

One index to Cong strength is the multiplying of violent incidents—raiding, kidnaping, mugging, murder of political chiefs, etc. But by police figures, other violence in Vietnam has dropped at the same rate that Cong violence has risen. So it may well be that they are credited with most unsolved violent crimes.

That question aside, bulwarking or resettling six thousand villages in a nation of thirteen million to defeat a widely dispersed threat from twenty thousand aggressors rarely operating in larger than platoon size would seem to be an unnecessary counter. The Viet army numbers 205,000 men; there are five companies of Civil Guard (organized militia) in each province; and the U.S. has already shipped nearly six thousand of its ablest military technicians to assist them. By the numbers, the twenty thousand have made quite an achievement in hell-raising.

Malaya Was Different

President Diem and some U.S. strategists favor the "perimeterizing" of the hamlets because it seemed to work in the twelve-year struggle to purge Malaya of Red guerrilla packs. But the two situations are unlike. Malaya is an attenuated peninsula under one government, with fair communications, a reticulation of cleared areas, and no Communist sanctuaries along its borders. There the quarry could be cornered. Here there is no backstop. The Congs can always back-pedal into Cambodia or southern Laos, about-face, and return. That the U.S. embassy in Pnompenh denies that this happens neither changes the fact nor serves any good purpose. It only irritates the Saigon government and the U.S. forces here, both of which know better. Also, both are convinced that Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs Averell Harriman's policy of compromising with the Communists in Laos and the decision to fight them in Vietnam are irreconcilable, and that the time

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must come when Washington will view its undertakings in Indochina as a whole because the enemy does exactly that. There can be no cure while U.S. policy stays at odds with itself.

The nexus of the area is Hanoi, the capital of North Vietnam. But the decisive ground for a U.S. policy to save what remains of free Southeast Asia without risking all-out war is southern Laos, where the line of the Mekong River passes Pak Lay and describes the border. There is no longer a question of mounting an expedition to put Laos together again; it is a matter of saving what is possible in Laos to preserve the one chance in Vietnam.

The Congs can be contained and gradually eliminated only if southern Laos is held and policed by active friendly garrisons. This would reduce the flow of replacements to controllable size. The border with North Vietnam is not extensive and the trails are few, though the provinces of the northeast, wedged between Laos and the South China Sea, are the sorest beset, the most sparsely populated, and the most difficult to traverse, because of their jungle-clad highlands and lack of serviceable roads. Once the narrow coastal plain is left behind, the region averages 1,500 feet in altitude, and ninety per cent of it is covered with thick growth, varying from dense jungle to heavy forest, burned-over ridges, and high bamboo thickets. Nature couldn't afford guerrillas a better hunting ground.

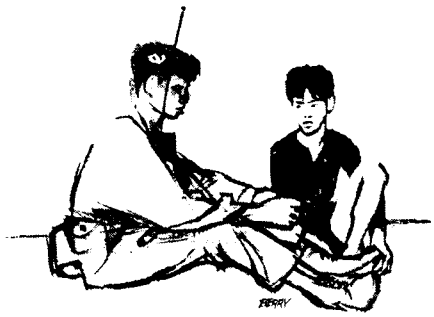
That is where the 22nd Division stands guard—less than eight thousand Arvins trying to tranquilize a rugged area the size of Pennsylvania. In Kontum, the provincial political chief has fixed in his front yard a circular concrete turret, twenty-five feet in radius, mounting four machine guns. District chiefs are similarly covered. Other than these heavy works, the visitor sees little to remind him that a miasma of fear hangs over the region. The villagers, like the troops, appear normally occupied and unharassed. Still, on a flight along the Cambodia-Laos border one counts scores of deserted hamlets.

There is only one Viet soldier for every four miles of this troubled plateau. It is full-time, dangerous duty. Yet, even by official estimate, not more than three thousand Congs infest the highland contiguous to North Vietnam. To test the axiom that one guerrilla can pin down four or five regulars, one need not look beyond Kontum and the pattern of the 22nd's operations.

Traps in the Jungle

Over the entrance to the captured Cong bivouac in the center of the jungle was an eight-foot-long hand-painted sign: "Area Training Center." Behind the sign was a drill ground with enough cleared space for a platoon to maneuver amid the bamboo. Back of the clearing was a jerry-built field hospital with few medicines and many bandages. Behind the hospital lay an arms dump of two U.S. Browning automatic rifles (one swathed in cosmoline), two U.S.-made shotguns, a caliber .40 machine gun, thirty-nine machetes, some cases of hand-made grenades, and, next to the arsenal, fifteen tons of bagged rice, promptly burned.

Major Walworth F. Williams, USA, had to see all this to believe



it. The jungle ceiling one hundred feet up concealed the camp perfectly. Flying at treetop level (safest in any case because the bush muffles the drone of the engines), U.S. chopper pilots like young Lieutenant John Crigler had repeatedly reconnoitered the same forest in the preceding weeks and seen nothing.

How intelligence learned of the stronghold remains secret; of every five such tips, at least four are blanks. But once it knew, things moved fast. One battalion (two hundred and fifty men) of the Viet regiment that Williams steers was lifted one hundred miles by chopper from Kontum, which is home base. Though they found what they sought, the Congs were not caught completely by surprise. Some covered the ground where the choppers dropped. Four crewmen of the two lead craft were killed. Williams was aboard with his NCOs. That is the way with our observers forward; they won't hold back from trouble. The excited Arvins hit the ground running and charged right up the jungle path.

There was fighting around the Cong base. Williams counted forty-eight Cong bodies, and two guerrillas died after capture. No score on the wounded; the Congs take risks rather than let their disabled become captive. The cost of the skirmish on the ground was one Arvin killed and six wounded. Things had gone unusually well, the Congs having neglected their usual precautions.

"They're ingeniously inventive at laying booby traps, digging a pit in a trail, sowing it so close with bamboo spikes that you can't shove a finger in between," Major Williams explained. "The points cut the upper of a GI boot to ribbons. Most Arvins wear tennis shoes, which makes them suckers for this trick. But that's not all. They douse the spikes with human excrement, garlic juice, and anything else they think poisonous. Some of these traps extend two hundred yards along the trail. There's no way to beat them; you can't go around them; the bush is too thick. It's so dark you can stumble into one without seeing. (We've been losing more men to bamboo spikes than to bullets.) So we work out our own approved solution. When we move up a jungle trail, we drive a few water buffalo ahead of us. When we hear a bellow, we know we're stopped."

THE journey out had taken only a few minutes. But the battalion had to return afoot. The distance became 160 miles, because of the lack of trails and churned-up terrain. The march back took twenty days. Though shoes wore thin, according to Williams, Viet tempers did not. The battalion traveled light, sleeping on the ground without cover. After one week, Williams and his NCOs ran out of C rations and thereafter lived on rice and fish. At least one Arvin soldier in every squad carried a pocket radio and tuned in on the news at every rest break. The Arvin regimental commander was a mere captain. Over here, lieutenant

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colonels lead divisions and lieutenants may command battalions. This column reached Kontum none the worse for wear and in less than one week flew to another strike. Its long trek was not a typical operation; seldom in these prods is so much accomplished.

Among the Montagnards

For the past seven months Captain D. M. Wood has been chief adviser to one regiment of the 22nd dealing with a special problem. Wood is a professional soldier of thirty-five and solemn about his work, a Command and General Staff School graduate, a native of Hardwick, Vermont—none of which prepared him for his labors of recent weeks. His regiment works the remote upland wilderness north of Kontum where live the montagnards, the aboriginal mountain folk, no kin to the Vietnamese.

Of these strange people, it has been written that they are hostile, anti-government, friendly to the Congs. Nothing in Wood's experience confirms this. To his eye, they are ignorant, shy, unable to protect themselves, and therefore exploitable. Few of them know that any government exists. Vietnam is a concept they can't grasp. They react to fear and food like other primitives.

There are ten montagnard tribes. They grow rice, corn, and sweet potatoes; they move and resettle only when the soil gets worked out or epidemics occur. Poverty is universal.

Their countryside became a Cong warren. The clear valley floors where the tribes huddled, and the jungle-covered ridges penetrable only when hacked through, favored guerrillas. Congs raided villages in broad daylight without fear of reprisal. There was no attempt to follow. The mountain folk were equally awed by the jungle and terrorized by the Congs.

The Congs fed this terror and made a system of it. On raiding a village, they carried off a dozen or so young men, forced them to serve as bearers or riflemen, and kept them hostage. Thus other tribesmen were compelled to supply the Congs with rice, fish, salt, and other wants. The question was how to break up this self-perpetuating quartermaster service; scattering the regiment to protect the villages would make its detachments vulnerable at any point where the Congs chose to concentrate.

While this situation lasted, government forces could get no information from the montagnards. They were muted by the same fear that made them share their food, and their sullenness was mistaken for hostility. It did not ease this mood that the Congs paid for their supplies in North Vietnamese currency that no one south of the border would honor.

Some weeks ago, Wood and two of his Arvin battalions moved in among the montagnards. The battalions split into units of squad size. Their mission: to wipe out thirty-six montagnard villages, scorch the earth around them, and desolate the country. That was preliminary to relocating 11,936 tribesmen closer to civilization, then starting them on a new way of life, protected while they learned to protect themselves. Wood told me: "To our amazement, we were treated like deliverers. When

they understood what we proposed, they were all for it."

So the old paddy fields were laid waste, the villages burned, such belongings as could not be carried were destroyed, and the long trek began. There was no resistance from the much-maligned montagnards, who completed this wrenching displacement without causing an unpleasant incident. However, in the split-up state of the regiment while the work lasted, the Congs struck. In several skirmishes, the Arvins brushed about seventy-five of them, killing twenty-three and wounding, at a guess, the same number.

There are three new towns along a main highway in the Toumorong District, called Dak To, Dak Sut, and Dak Wan, where the montagnards live. The army provided food for the movement, cleared land for paddies in the new location, helped build shelters, and stood by while the first rice crop was planted. The towns are now on their own, but the old defenselessness is gone. In the three towns, 598 young men have been supplied with arms. Each town has a store of U.S.-made hand grenades, and the boys of the home guard know how to shoot the '03 Springfield and the Model 1917 rifle carried by Pershing's infantry. Wood's American NCOs trained them two weeks with these weapons; they can at least load, aim, and fire. Each town is fitted with a helicopter pad and is frequently visited by a flying patrol.

A success story, so far as it goes. But what about the odds? There were never more than two companies of Congs—about two hundred men—operating against the montagnards. At the end, when the terror compelled evacuation, that strength had dropped to about two platoons, still enough to afflict and alter the way of life of 11,936 simple souls. "It isn't as crazy as it sounds," said Wood. "If you can't find them, you can't hit them."

Chopper Operations

Other angles on how the Americans are adapting to this most irregular of small wars are to be picked up at Tan Son Nhut airbase just outside Saigon. It's home to the 57th Transport Company, handling the Shawnee light helicopters in which Arvin soldiers are portaged to the spot where—if the G2 dope is right—they can jump a Cong assembly.

But the Cong is like the Irishman's flea, and G2 reports of him are even more vague and less dependable than is their norm, which says enough. So for the 57th there is much hauling with little blood drawn. Some of the strikes go 150 miles and more—a marathon for choppers. That requires setting up an intermediate

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supply and control point. By the time deployment begins, the enemy has probably moved on. But every dry run adds further training of the Arvins. That's how the Americans look at it.

While I talked over operations in the hangar with the boss man, Major Milton Cherne, two of his soldiers pounded on the splayed metal of the door frame in one Shawnee. It took two bullets in the last outing, big slugs that bore straight through, wrecking the machine-gun mount but missing the gunner.

UNIT PRIDE radiates from the 57th. By the tables, only one U.S. enlisted man is supposed to be aboard a Shawnee while transporting a combat party. But now that the vehicles fly machine-gun-armed, there must be two aboard, or twenty-eight all told for the fourteen Shawnees on a full-strength strike. Because of the hazard, Cherne decided from the beginning that he would use only volunteers on combat runs. When he made that point, a sergeant spoke: "You might check the record. On every call, we've had twice as many volunteers as we can use. Who does better than that?"

Every soldier under Cherne knows exactly what the unit has done and can reel off the statistics. Cherne said: "It had to be that way. To take hold, I had to concentrate on the unit mission. Twice a week I personally take reveille to talk to the men of what we are doing and why. Soldiers strengthen most from knowledge of their own operations."

Cherne has enough to give them at these sunrise sessions. In a hundred days, the 57th racked up 2,176 training hours, a round-the-clock performance. So doing, it flew 32,172 Viet soldiers on combat missions or training exercises. Most of the business is teaching the Arvins how to mount, ride, and deploy from the Shawnees like lightning. It isn't easy for trainers or for troops. The choppers have to do a forty-second turnaround going into a possible deadfall. That puts it up to twelve Viet soldiers to scramble and clear in ten seconds. They learn to guide on the chopper as they exit; the strike line as they vanish into the bush is as the Shawnee's nose is pointed. Everything must go at top speed. According to the 57th, the Arvins quickly get the idea and stay the pace.

The 57th can lift about two hundred of them in one go—the strength of an average rifle company, without heavy weapons. That's usually enough to cope with the elusive Congs. If the lead choppers are knocked off, that's ruinous. Their squads are supposed to debouch in a small circle for local security right around the pad. Seldom is there space to bring in more than one craft at a time. Recently the Congs began staking promising landing spots with spiked bamboo to repel helicopters. Another operating hazard is the burning of rice fields; the smoke pall obliterates the horizon, blots out check points, and confounds navigation.

Cherne said to me: "We have learned from hard experience that going into the same area twice is the outside limit. Try it a third time, and they'll be waiting and clobber the hell out of us."

Fire from the Flank

American forces here are squared away at the stickiest fighting task ever given them. Wood, Williams, and Cherne are typical; they concentrate on the line-of-sight target and let high authority worry about the big picture. Their Arvin comrades are better than they expected. The enemy is less numerous, more impoverished, more crudely armed. He could be wiped out by the relatively conventional methods used against him, provided he could be dealt with in a vacuum. Congs have not flooded into Vietnam during the U.S. build-up, so the thinning of them helps the score sheet, furthering the illusion of success. Guerrillas need not be outfoxed at their own game; it is only necessary to kill them. So lately there were brighter faces in official Saigon, and correspondents shook their gloom to pound out "we are getting somewhere" stories.

The mood lasted until early May, when the Communist-led Pathet Lao again struck heavily. With the Communists reaching for the south line of the Mekong and driving a tide of Laotian refugees into Cambodia, even the architects of the policy of ambivalence had to face the threat. Northern Laos has been controlled by the Communists since before the Geneva conference; their overrunning of southern Laos would be fatal. Failing finally to settle a positive neutralism on Laos, the existing policy must in the end scuttle the campaign to save Vietnam. The twenty thousand furtive Congs could become a hundred thousand, doubly armed by fresh victory and heavy weapons.

THE STRATEGIC ARGUMENT should be clear. The Mekong Valley from just above Vientiane must be secured or the Royal Army will become finally unbased, Laos will be lost, the Communists will become fixed along the 350-mile-long border with Thailand, and the high road will be open to Cambodia and Vietnam's western frontier. For forces moving from the north, the Mekong trench is the corridor to every independent state in Indochina, and the triangle of ground described by the river, with Luang Prabang and Vientiane as the upper and lower points of the hypotenuse, is the linchpin of operations, whether aimed at total conquest of the peninsula or its defense.

Should that be lost, a few thousand Marines in Thailand will not repair the damage. Communist guerrillas are no more likely to be dissuaded by parades of force than by political maneuvers as long as the military situation favors them. From all we know about Red China, its aggressions feed on tactical opportunity. The Chinese struck in Korea because we made them a present of the main chance. Is it reasonable to believe they would not take a direct hand in the game in Laos if they saw that the guerrillas were on the verge of dominating the peninsula?

Until we recognize that our efforts in Laos and in Vietnam are not separate but have in fact been made indivisible by the march of events, it is unlikely that we will make progress anywhere but in the official reports too often converted into illusionary headlines.

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The Canadians Go to the Polls

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

OTTAWA

BACK in March of 1957, John Diefenbaker, a small-town civil-rights lawyer from Saskatchewan, emerged from obscurity with a formula for political success. Adding sonorous oratory to agile opportunism and combining prairie radicalism with stand-pat Tory tradition, he galvanized the Progressive Conservative Party (PC). The combination worked. The PC broke the Liberals' twenty-two-year lease on national power, taking 109 seats to the Liberals' 104. Confident he could do better, Diefenbaker went to the country again after only nine months, hoping for a clear majority (133 seats) and a few more as a margin of safety. To the amazement of everyone, he won 208 seats out of a possible 265. It was the greatest political upset in Canada's independent history. The Liberals were reduced to forty-eight seats, discredited and gravely demoralized.

Four years have gone by since that rout, and now on June 18 the Canadian people will vote again. The political pendulum is swinging vigorously—possibly far enough to restore the Liberal Party's fortunes and put Lester B. Pearson, Nobel Peace Prize-winning diplomat, into Mr. Diefenbaker's job. The most recent canvass of Canadian public opinion shows forty-five per cent of the people backing the Liberals, thirty-eight per cent the Conservatives, and seventeen per cent other parties. The swing may not be that wide; people don't always keep their promises to George Gallup. But there are many signs of a far-reaching shift among Canada's voters.

A Time of Disillusion

First, there is the fact of prolonged economic adversity. It began before Mr. Diefenbaker came to power, but it coincides roughly with the years of PC control. Canada lives largely by exporting raw materials and basic farm products at world prices. These prices have been low. And unemployment has ranged up to seven hundred thousand at times in the last two years—eleven per cent of the national work force.

Bent on pump-priming, the Diefenbaker government has run up budget deficits each year. In five years the total deficit is $3 billion. Especially in pivotal Ontario, the reaction of businessmen has not been good. Some of them also take a dim view of the Diefenbaker policy of deliberately keeping the Canadian dollar depressed, although a case can be made for that venture in money management. This policy was formalized by devaluation at 92.5 cents to the U.S. dollar on May 2. As a stimulus to exports, this made some friends. But the move was obviously forced on the government, confirming suspicions in financial circles that the PC cabinet has mismanaged its currency problems. Devaluation was a blow to Canadian pride, but whether it gains or loses votes for Mr. Diefenbaker is anybody's guess. The Conservatives are handicapped also by their inept handling of the Common Market issue. Affronted by Britain's decision to join Europe and "desert the Commonwealth," Mr. Diefenbaker and some cabinet colleagues took so strong an anti-British line that they later had to retreat.

AS FOR foreign policy, Mr. Diefenbaker and the Progressive Conservative Party may have lost considerable support, through no fault of their own, simply because 1957-1962 has been a period of disillusionment for Canada. After the Second World War, Canada had money to lend and goods the world needed desperately. It helped in the development of atomic energy and sat in the highest world councils in that role. It became a substantial force in aid to underdeveloped countries, especially through the Colombo Plan. Canada sent able men to the United Nations, notably Lester Pearson, to advocate constructive and far-sighted policies. In a word, Canada brought a mature statesmanship to bear in world affairs at a time when circumstances conspired to give its words and actions unusual weight. Thus it became far more important in world councils than a population of seventeen or eighteen million normally would warrant—even for a country that was, per capita, the second richest on the globe.

After the boom produced by the Korean War, Canada encountered a buyers' market overseas. Meanwhile, Germany, France, Britain, Japan, Italy, and other war-damaged nations had recovered and moved up to places of influence and power. In this period also, Canada lost second place in per capita income to Sweden. And the Conservatives never managed to find either a foreign minister or a U.N. spokesman able to play the stellar role that Pearson had on the world stage. Canada just took a back seat.

Foreign policy is a handicap to the Tories in another way. Canadians in general are not enamored of nuclear weapons. They don't like being the front yard of the United States in a possible missile duel over the top of the world. They don't like being tied to a venturesome foreign policy that is not their own, or playing second fiddle to the Pentagon in defense policies, or being expected to share the hard U.S. line on Cuba and China. But there's not much a Canadian government can do except string along with its giant neighbor. Mr. Diefenbaker tried to straddle on the nuclear-weapons issue, refusing to say whether Canada would or would not allow nuclear weapons on its soil—but meanwhile allowing the construction of launching sites for Bomarc missiles. For the opposition, Mr. Pearson took the position that Canada should *not* have nuclear weapons if they were to be under exclusive U.S. control, as U.S. law required. Finally, the prime minister announced a policy: Canada would not accept nuclear weapons, if the United States retained control of them, *unless it came to war*. Then they would be available within an hour, he asserted.

IN THE REALM of plain politics, the Conservatives may have the edge. Mr. Diefenbaker brought his skills as a first-rate trial lawyer to Ottawa. He knows how to squeeze the maximum of drama from a prime minis-

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ter's prerogatives. Under his leadership, the Tories went all-out to match the Liberals' past performance and even their promises of higher pensions and other social-welfare benefits. At a time when budget deficits are ominously large and chronic, the campaign is being turned into a competition for the votes of social-security beneficiaries.

The Diefenbaker government also has found new ways to bid for the "ethnic vote." Canada has an enormous number of recent immigrants —two million since 1946. They are Germans, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Dutch, Ukrainians, and Balts, as well as Britons and Americans. Canada by law and history is a bilingual country, but in late years it has become multilingual. Last winter the government authorized a big increase in local radio broadcasts in such tongues as Ukrainian, Italian, and Polish. Politicians in both major parties are bidding, by fair means and dubious, for these bloc votes, and the Diefenbaker government plays to the ethnic galleries with a skill that infuriates the Liberal opposition. It has become a tacit requirement that there always be one Ukrainian in the cabinet, as proof of the government's concern for the "new Canadians."

Competition for the votes of pensioners and ethnic groups has lowered the level of the campaign. So have the crude accusations that have erupted in the last four or five months. Mr. Diefenbaker himself is not blameless. In an obvious bid for the ethnic vote, he charged that Mr. Pearson when he was at the U.N. never spoke up for the Communist-dominated peoples of Eastern Europe. This brought countercharges that the prime minister was addicted to the Nazi-type lie, and then a rejoinder suggesting that Pearson had obtained his Nobel Prize "because he sided with the Communists." Real issues can soon get lost once this tone has been set.

Voting Against Duplessis

Quebec Province contributes an altogether different complication in the coming election. It is certain to give the Liberals a major gain, and could even be Mr. Diefenbaker's undoing. The reasons have to be exhumed from a quarter century of history. The great depression brought to power in French Canada a demagogue named Maurice Duplessis and his Union Nationale. They were anti-democratic, fascist-flavored, and appallingly corrupt, but they ruled Quebec most of the time for twenty-three years until Duplessis' death in 1959. The Union Nationale crowded out both major national parties at the provincial level in all French Canada. It allied itself with

the Progressive Conservatives for national purposes, and in 1958 swamped the Liberals—in the traditionally Liberal Quebec Province. Since the death of Duplessis, his movement has collapsed and its gross corruption and lack of social purpose have been exposed. It would be unfair to blame the Conservatives for the evils of the Union Nationale. But they *are* identified with it in Quebec.

Another reason for presuming that the Liberals will gain heavily in Quebec on June 18 is that Mr. Diefenbaker has found no strong, respected Conservative in French Canada to make into a partner of equal stature in his cabinet or his political machine. Every strong, durable prime minister of British descent has had an effective and loyal ally and alter ego in French Canada, and vice versa. (Lester Pearson doesn't yet have such a French partner either, but he seems to be developing one in Maurice Lemontagne, a member of parliament from Quebec City who is strongly identified with the new liberal intellectual tide that is moving through French Canada.) With luck and skill, the Liberals could pick up as many as fifty additional seats from French Canada, leaving only twenty-five or thirty more seats to be picked up in Ontario and the prairie country for a working majority in parliament.

A noisy but impractical separatist movement has been gathering momentum in French Canada. It is probably stronger today than in some decades, and it is a little frightening in its intensity. But no Quebec politician with national aspirations will touch it. The chances are that it will be used, without much delicacy, as a harassing device to get more from Ottawa for French Canada but will not have any material bearing on the rivalry of the national parties for votes in parliamentary elections.

Still another factor in Canada's complex political equation is the New Democratic Party, born of a merger of urban labor groups with socialists from the prairie provinces, especially Saskatchewan. With only eight seats in the present parliament, the NDP is not a major factor, and may prove even less so in the coming election. It has been an uneasy coalition, for the "socialists" of the prairie lands are mostly prosperous farmers and have no taste for close ties with the labor groups that dominate the merger.

THE LARGEST FACTOR in this unpredictable electoral campaign is the change that has come about in the Liberal Party. After a period of stunned disbelief and then utter discouragement following their rout in 1958, the Liberals chose Lester Pearson to replace the aging Louis St. Laurent. This was the natural choice, and yet it led to new doubts, for Pearson was a civil servant and diplomat, not a politician with grass-roots strength. It is good for a national party leader to be a statesman, but it is better still if he has some down-to-earth political experience and some proved capacity for winning friends and influencing votes. Nor was Pearson particularly facile or articulate. But he has worked hard at his political image and performance, and he now makes an impressive and persuasive TV appearance or platform speech. Like Adlai Stevenson, however, Pearson was thought to have too many of his

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well-wishers outside his own country, without a franchise.

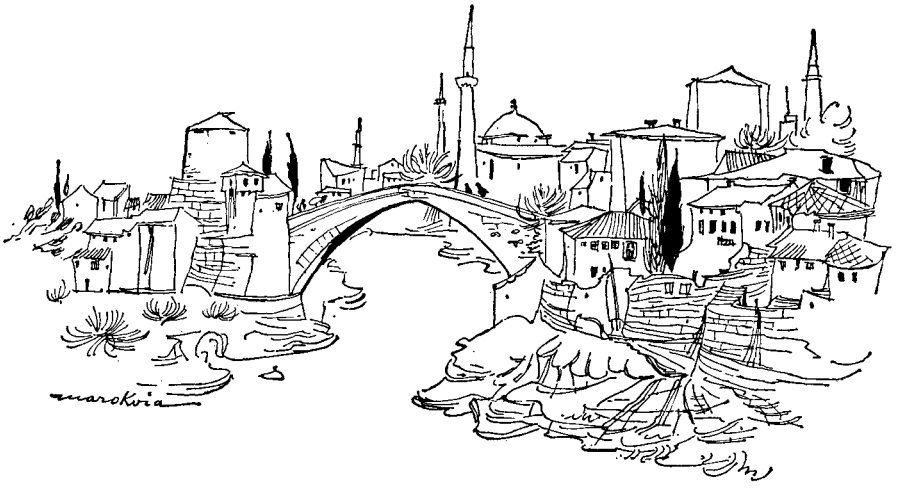
Anyway, the Liberals took Pearson. (How many national political parties around the world have a Nobel Prize winner waiting to be drafted when they're beating the bushes for a new leader?) He proceeded systematically to induce the Liberal Party to reconstruct itself from the ground up. He imposed nothing. But at the party conference in Kingston, Ontario, in September, 1960, he did bring together some scores of thoughtful, influential Liberals to discuss the problem of what their party ought to stand for. For the most part, these were not politicians, business leaders, or financiers. They were mainly intellectual figures with Liberal ties—from the universities, the professions, the civil service, and the clergy, plus some party theoreticians. In this and one or two subsequent gatherings, the Liberal Party began a kind of renaissance.

For the most part, this leadership ordained a return to the Liberal principles that had prevailed before the 1940's when the party, too long in power, had become merely a body of highly competent politicians managing a status quo that suited the "better people" across Canada. Pearson was not a neutral figure in this process, but neither did he dictate a reformation. Patiently, he led the party to the rediscovery of its Liberal heritage of doctrine and objective. Meantime, the party picked up some valuable recruits from the civil service—men of great experience.

To search in this political tangle for the issues that will decide the mid-June election is bound to be an unrewarding task. It will be a referendum on everything and on nothing, for the great issues of national policy have been obscured by a smoke screen of petty quarrels and accusations. If any truly national issue shows through the cloud of irrelevancies, it is the basic question of just how unsatisfactory these five dispiriting years of Diefenbaker's government have been.

As to the outcome, only one forecast seems fully safe. The top-heavy three-to-one Progressive Conservative majority in parliament will be slashed to a razor-thin margin—if it survives as a majority at all.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



Clear-Eyed into Millennium

A short story set in Yugoslavia

JOSEPH HITREC

As often as I meet Cousin Stefan after a long interval I am struck by the vaguely oriental turn of his eyes, a reminder that somewhere in the fanning branches of the family a roving Tartar gene had found asylum. While the rest of us display open Slavic visages and the usual round cheekbones and light coloring, with here and there a telltale Dinaric nose, Stefan is pitch-black of hair and brow, rather short-legged but surprisingly agile in spite of it.

He is about forty, a lawyer by profession. Our meeting in Croatia last summer after several years is, typically, a highly mobile memory blended of a rich baritone voice, shrewd sloe-eyed glances, and much pacing and reeling about with one hectoring finger upraised, as though he were moving in for a juicy bit of forensic pay dirt. He had just told me he was on the point of buying a car, and I had congratulated him. "I hope you and your family will get a lot of pleasure out of it," I said.

"That's just it," he replied, "I'm not sure I ought to do it. This is not America. Buying a car here is a moral problem."

I said "Oh?," and he stalked my chair as he would a dock in court, hands clasped at his back. "Let me put it this way," he said. "We live in a socialist democracy. When our millennium arrives, everyone will have a car of his own and television in every room and a summer cottage on the Adriatic. But the newspapers say the millennium is a long way off yet. If I buy a car, I'll be calling them liars."

I could see his reasoning. As far back as Plato, thoughtful men had something to say about citizens indulging their private whims without proper regard for society. Still, I had seen thousands of cars on the streets of Zagreb and Belgrade and these made his qualms seem less than justified. "Those people couldn't *all* be party members," I said.

"No, of course not," he readily admitted. "They puzzle me too, quite frankly. I wish I knew their secret."

"Well, what's the solution then?"

"I shall make inquiries," he said. "I want to find out all I can. First, I want to sound out the family. My brother Milan, for example—he has a car. He'll have an idea or two. This thing must be done right or not at all."

From the definitive way he drew his fingers through his rich black hair, I gathered that he meant what he said. And I felt better for remem-

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bering that he had always been a wonderfully organized person and that all problems, sooner or later, yielded to his energetic and methodical approach.

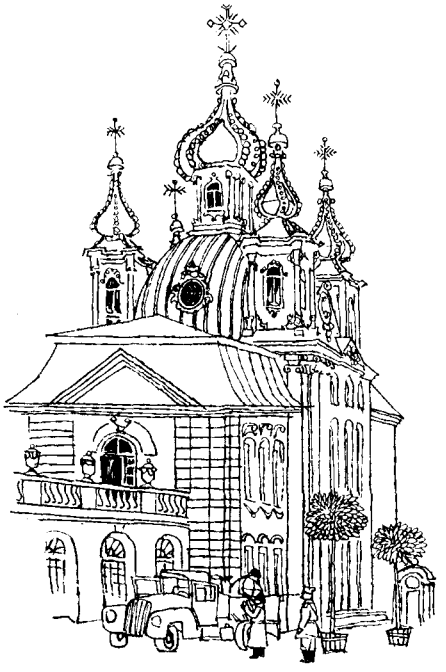
In Milan, Stefan's older brother, the Tartar gene was recessive: his dark, deep-set eyes were free of slant and his features had a trusting, Slavic look. He was big-boned, ruddy and a scant talker, in contrast to Stefan. Milan was the only party member in the family and the butt of much raillery because of it. As a partisan during the war he had blown up two German troop trains and, one hushed summer day, had captured an entire platoon of Ustashi at a swimming hole and marched them naked through the village before taking them prisoner into the woods. After the war he became a big fish in the local hierarchy and assuaged an old passion of his boyhood by founding a soccer club of his own. He might have done very well for himself had he not at that point, aged thirty-eight, fallen in love with a girl of nineteen.

She was a blue-eyed poetic little wisp called Lyubitsa—Little Violet. In her, I surmised, he kept alive a trophy of the well-bred beauty he had done so much to banish with the old order. He was proud and jealous of her and I couldn't help thinking that in their married privacy he kept winning his revolution all over again. She read T. S. Eliot and the Croatian prewar poets, whom she knew by heart and sometimes recited in the circle of the family, when Milan would settle quietly in a corner with an indulgent smile and an uncertain light under his eyelids.

The clan's misgivings about the marriage were all but corroborated a few years later when Milan got into a shooting fray with a couple of students over a drunken allusion to Little Violet. A pistol bullet, entering his skull through the left eye but miraculously sparing his brain, laid him up in a hospital for several months and forced him, after discharge, to wear a black patch. The embarrassed party sent him on a long furlough and, upon his return, tucked him away in a quiet sinecure that required him to drive important foreign visitors around Zagreb and show them the historic landmarks, slipping in a few samples of gleaming socialist reconstruction on the way. With his dashing eyepatch, his silvering temples, and a face grown lean and careworn, he was said to be a great success with the visitors.

Sometimes he would have Little Violet beside him to lend charm to the occasion, as when he took me around Zagreb and its environs a few days after my arrival. She wore a blue cotton dress and her blonde hair was piled on top of her head, uncovering a long Madame Récamier neck that quietly undermined the uplifting purpose of the excursion.

Cousin Stefan kept returning to the topic that was at the heart of his



life these days—his car. Would there be trouble with the authorities, he wanted to know from Milan—the tax people, for example—if he, a plain unofficial citizen, bought himself a car? "Forget that you're my brother," Stefan said. "Let's have your objective opinion."

"Very well," Milan replied. "Assume that I am a tax official, with your tax return in front of me. It is quite clear to me that a car is way beyond your means."

"True, true," Stefan said. "Still, a man puts something aside through the years."

"Exactly," Milan said. "Undeclared income, a serious offense. A year in jail, speaking offhand."

"Is that your objective opinion?"

Milan nodded, unsmiling, and Stefan sank back with a groan. Professional pride in having reached the same bleak conclusion through his own reasoning mingled with exasperation in his Tartar eyes. "Yes, I thought as much," he said. "All very depressing, I'm afraid."

We had driven through a wide gate and pulled up on a graveled terrace overlooking a green soccer field. Down below a score of tanned young men in purple shorts were being put through their paces by a couple of rasping coaches. This was Milan's club—after Little Violet, the pride of his life.

"But there are ways, Stefan," Milan said as he tucked one of the terrace chairs under his girl-wife. "You might join the party, and then you wouldn't have to explain anything. Of course if you do that, you'll have to buy a bigger car. That's only basic psychology."

The idea had not crossed Stefan's mind, and next day he was still wrestling with it in his usual conscientious way. The way he saw it, there were two flaws. One, joining the party in cold blood was "unnatural"—like dyeing one's mustache another color. Two, even as a dodge, he doubted that it would wash with the tax people; it smacked of decadent western society. There must be other ways, he was certain. The jam of private cars on the streets was proof of it.

That weekend the family gathered in force in the village of Zlatar-Bistritsa to mark the eighty-eighth birthday of Grandfather Joseph, known as "Deda"—Grandpa. His farm lay midway between the town of Zlatar, where his son Stefan had practiced law for many years, and St. Mary of Bistritsa, an old shrine to which Deda Joseph was much devoted. The day was to begin with a Mass at the shrine, after which there would be lunch at Deda Joseph's house, followed by visits to other kinfolk.

Deda had planned to walk the five and a half miles to the shrine and return by hired fiacre, as usual, but was persuaded to go with us in Milan's car as a birthday concession. To his mind there was no merit in a pilgrimage once you mechanized it. For sixty-three years he had marched

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to church every morning, allowing himself only the most legitimate absences. As he liked to take Holy Communion, he did his marching on an empty stomach. It was not an adventurous life, he said, like flushing a bunch of naked Ustashi from a swimming hole, but it was steadying and uncomplicated. He believed in minding his own business. That principle accounted, among other things, for the twelve hundred acres he had called his own before the new régime "gave them to the nation," and also for twenty-one grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren, not to speak of the nieces, nephews, in-laws, and the rest.

"The days of tribal thinking are over," Milan commented. "It's time you started thinking in terms of the community."

And Stefan said, "If anyone deserved to have a car, Deda, it was you." But the allusive remark was roundly ignored.

"I think a large family is nice," Little Violet said. "There's nothing especially tribal about it."

Deda Joseph patted her knee, ever ready to side with her against Milan, whose lack of religion and of pride in land he could not forgive. "One of the fancy antichrist words, no doubt," he snorted. "Ye shall till the good soil and bear offspring and the fruit of your labor shall be sweet in the presence of the Lord. *That's* the meaning of life, not your stinking machines. You can drive an automobile into a tree, but a parcel of land goes on and on. A snare of the devil, that's what a car is. Stop the car!" he commanded loudly all of a sudden.

Milan did as he was told, and Deda climbed out briskly and disappeared in the green thicket of corn growing by the roadside. For some seconds a faint rustle and swaying crowns marked his advance, then silence descended. Up the white dusty road curving toward the hills in hazy mid-distance the bells of St. Mary of Bistritsa tolled languorously.

The pause, which we filled as best we could with a contemplative smoke, brought back memories of Deda Joseph when I was a young runt of ten or twelve and Deda's meadows and vineyards were a spellbound realm. For Deda, I recalled, the magic of those ample green

spaces lay in enlarging and conserving them—especially conserving. I remember how for years he used to answer the calls of nature on the nearest plant, so as not to waste the precious moisture, until his sons reached the age of study and were able to marshal scientific proof that the acid content of his good intentions was harmful to plant life. He mended his ways after that, but was never convinced.

From the lifelong affinity with meadow and field there sprung another habit that was to become second nature with Deda—he did his best thinking out in the open. I was reminded of that in the next few moments when he burst out of the cornpatch and, with a set jaw and a flinty look, resumed his place on the front seat.

"The scales fell from their eyes and they saw the truth," he announced and crossed himself.

"How do you mean, Deda?" Stefan asked.

"It seems," Deda said as we moved on to the shimmering spires of St. Mary of Bistritsa, "it seems we left the house only a few minutes ago, and here we're already there. I never realized how close it is. For sixty-three years I have given unto God only one half of what is his, wretch that I am. Beginning tomorrow, I shall walk both ways."

Shaken, we looked at him. "There *and* back, Deda?" Stefan asked.

"There and back," Deda affirmed.

Stefan puckered his nose wryly. "I take it you don't approve of cars, then," he said.

The old man did not answer. His judgment shone plain in his set face.

THE THRONG at the shrine belied the fact that it was just an ordinary Sunday, with the usual High Mass at ten and a string of lesser Masses going on simultaneously at the side altars. Built as a monastery at the time when Suleiman the Magnificent passed this way with his janissary pack toward Vienna, the shrine rose like a fortress on a hill above the village. The original mailed door of the northern gate had been removed to a museum and the dark moldy passage, exquisitely cool on a sultry morning, had been given over to the maimed and beggars of all description, whose outstretched hats jingled steadily with small change. In the main courtyard, formed by a circular arcade, there were large mildewed frescoes commemorating past vows and cures, imbued with the peasant sense of calamity and a robust literalness. Beneath them, along the arcade, were the confessionals, flanked by double lines of waiting people. The church proper could accommodate only a fraction of the worshipers and a net of loudspeakers carried the sputtering voice of Dr. Zeigerschmitt, the old canon, to those in the courtyard.

From there Deda Joseph might have done his obeisance in relative comfort, but he would have missed the Host—unthinkable on a day like this. What was more, he felt that after sixty years of steadfast patronage he had a prior claim on the dank but hallowed interior. So he elbowed his way in and soon afterward Milan and Little Violet departed to visit a friend.

That left Stefan, myself, and my nephew Branko, who had arrived on foot from Zagreb earlier in the morning, a distance of almost thirty miles, and was planning to walk the other five to join the party at Deda's house. He had washed up at the inn and put on a clean shirt and was now, with the enthusiasm of his seventeen years, ready for further adventure. We walked down to the village square where tradesmen had set up their stalls of holy knick-knacks. It had become very hot, we were sweating generously, and a fine sun-shot dust seemed to coat everything. Stefan, a determined man, was sounding young Branko on the problems of owning a car in a socialist society. "What do you think of it, Branko?" he inquired. "If you were in my place, would you risk it?"

Branko gave a shrug that expressed his attitude toward worldly things. "Why ask me, Uncle? I am not in

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your place. I roam here and there, looking for pollen on a bee wing and for the meaning in the pollen. It's a different kind of thirsting, if you know what I mean."

"I think I do," Stefan said with an amiable wink. "By all means let's go and discuss it over a drink."

We found a cool inn that was not too crowded and there Branko had a slivovitz and a tall beer chaser before trotting out more Zen. I had been told that he drank, often before breakfast, yet I was a little taken aback at the way he shut his eyes over the last draught as if craving privacy in a secret and exquisite experience.

Stefan outlined his predicament to Branko, who listened respectfully, never relaxing his fingers on the beer mug. The light of innocence in his deep-set blue eyes shone clear and steady, divorced somehow from his insatiable gullet.

Soon the bells rang out again at the Consecration; Deda Joseph would be coming out soon. Emerging from the beery dusk, we found ourselves in the blinding sun once more. "I ask you again," Stefan was saying to Branko, "is it progressive or reactionary? That's the question. You're an educated chap, what do you think?"

"I wouldn't hesitate if I had the money," Branko replied.

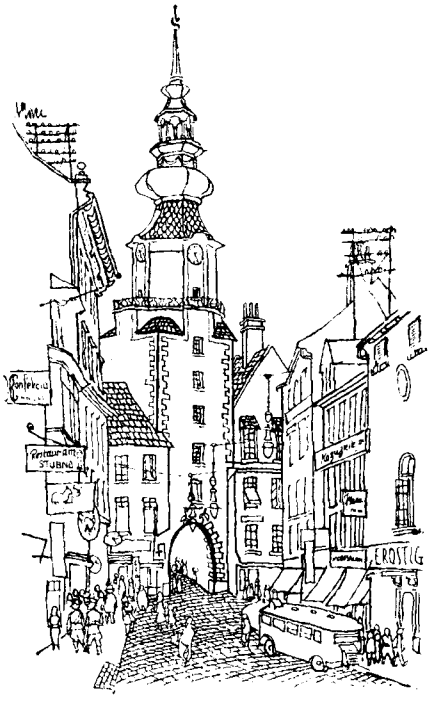
"I have the money," Stefan said. "That's not what I'm asking."

"Uncle, you must try to act spontaneously. Let your mind be free, like a ball bouncing on a mountain stream."

The faithful were pouring out of the church gate raising a shimmer of dust, and down the hot incline came Little Violet holding Deda's arm. As he watched the girl, Branko's eyelids came down halfway and remained there. At first we could not see Milan; then, as Little Violet's small blonde head and the gnarled visage of Deda slid into focus, we saw him following some ten paces behind, a cigarette jutting fiercely from his lips, the eyepatch sterner than usual. "You're not listening, are you?" I heard Stefan say in a disappointed voice.

Branko murmured something that had the cadence of another quotation, but Stefan cut him short. "That's all very well," he said, "but there's a time for philosophy and a time for practical things, you know."

WE STARTED BACK a half hour late because of a puncture that had been fizzing quietly all this time. While Milan went to have it fixed, Little Violet told us what had happened at the church. She and Milan had gone back to the shrine to look for Deda and had found him at the sacristy door, talking to his old friend Dr. Zeigerschmitt of the golden teeth, whose sermon that morning had been more than usually electrifying. The canon, an awe-



some giant in his black soutane and shiny round hat, held out his ringed fingers to the devout who came to kiss them, without interrupting his chat with Deda. He had married Deda and christened all his children and later, when puberty touched Milan with a spurious sense of exaltation, had encouraged the boy to enter the seminary. After spending two years preparing for the life of the cloth, Milan decided to back out while the going was good. Dr. Zeigerschmitt was deeply aggrieved but took it philosophically. What he could not forgive Milan was his going over to the enemy when he joined the party at the end of the war.

As Milan and his wife joined them in the crowded arcade, the canon, in a habitual gesture, held out his jeweled hand to Milan, who instead of kissing it shook it matter-of-factly as he would any other. Then, turning the knife in the wound, he made a joke about the rapidly filling alms box on the sacristy door. The canon's genial air vanished and he began to scold Milan in a voice that had the volume and resonance of the pulpit. While a ring of gaping peasant women formed around them, a pattern was wrenched out of the distant past: Milan hung his gray-templed head and pawed the ground with his feet while his spiritual father heaped brimstone on his head, to the gloating approval of Deda Joseph who stood by and mumbled a heartfelt assent. It was the first time Little Violet had seen her husband dressed down in this fashion. Such things were not supposed to happen to a party member.

Now Milan drove on moodily and his wife seemed to find her tongue, especially with Branko, whose relaxed mood took the form of banter and unconnected declamation. Their chatter was like a teen-age dialogue in which the apparent frame of reference, recognizable as it was, had only a tenuous connection with whatever was being expressed. Once or twice as my eyes strayed to the rear-view mirror overhead, I found Milan's solitary eye already there, huge and brooding like a Cyclops'.

PRESENTLY Branko got it into his head to render, unabridged, a poem of mine written years ago after a visit to this same St. Mary of Bistritsa. The thing was fired with anti-clerical emotion and contained a cruel sketch of Dr. Zeigerschmitt. I had long forgotten it and now Branko's delivery made me distressingly aware of its puppy bombast, such as the bit about the confessionals in the arcade, where

Under the pained gaze of carven crosses
Sins are forgiven, but not halitosis.

For Stefan, this was the punch line; he threw his head back and laughed. Deda Joseph made a fluttery sign of the Cross. Branko beamed and waited, while Milan uttered a throaty sound of contempt.

"The peasant sheep, how they love to be exploited!" Milan said. "Did

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you notice the slotted boxes? Tomorrow the priests will count the money and laugh."

"Priests have to live, like the rest of us," Deda said staunchly. "Your antichrist friends would like to starve them out, I know, but those who've kept their faith are happy to give."

"Under the constitution, priests do not exist."

"Dr. Zeigerschmitt exists. You can't deny it." Deda allowed himself a smirk and poked an elbow into Milan's ribs—"Eh, can you?"—which Milan stonily ignored. "Anyway, as far as I am concerned, it's a kind of temporary loan, nothing more. Your comrades are doing it all the time. They just call it another name."

"Subsidy?" Branko suggested with a grin.

"That's the word, I believe." Deda leaned back, nudging Little Violet. "Things haven't changed as much as you think, Milan."

At that point two things occurred simultaneously. There was a startling shotlike sound from Stefan, who had slapped his knee with immense force and was shouting in a tone of triumph: "You've done it, Deda! You hit the nail on the head!" And Branko began to sing—unbidden, rather off-key, simply pouring his exuberance into the first tune that came into his head. But before Stefan could explain his interruption, Milan slammed on the brake. "Get out!" he said to Branko. "You can walk the rest of the way."

There was a moment of astonished silence, after which Stefan said, "You can't mean that, Milan? It's too bloody dusty, for one thing."

"Now what's the matter?" Deda asked, peeved.

"Get out, please." Milan kept his voice down, but there was no mistaking his determination.

Branko had already unlatched the door and sprung out lightly, as unperturbed as we were taken aback. He had understood, with a poet's intuition.

Of Milan, from my corner of the back seat, I could see only the black eyepatch and a vein throbbing on the side of his neck; but the girl's profile, as she turned and faced him with a blazing look, was painted in minute and incandescent detail by the glare of the windshield. I could only surmise the content of the mute exchange when she broke off abruptly, fumbled for the door handle, and got out. "I'll walk back too," she said.

Twice Milan commanded her to get in, but she tossed her head and began to walk. He then released the hand brake and got into gear with a loud gnashing of metal. We spurted forward. Turning to look through the rear window, I saw them starting up the footpath after us, a couple of shadows in the luminous bank of dust swirling in our wake.

STILL, it was Deda Joseph's birthday and no one had the stomach to blight it. By the time lunch was over, enlivened by toasts in Deda's year-old white wine, the three of them had made peace and joined the celebration. Toward five, after a rest, some two dozen people began a round of visits to related households; everywhere the story of Milan's brush with the canon, tirelessly recounted by Stefan, was greeted with hoots of delight, the difference now being that Milan could see it "objectively," without visible chagrin. There were no further attempts from Stefan to inject the issue of the car. He made the most of his pleasant baritone in the cause of Deda's birthday.

The next morning, on our way back to Zagreb, he explained his new equanimity. It was all going to work out fine, he said, thanks to Deda and his brand of logic. "The fact is, I don't *have* to reveal my liquid assets to the tax people," he said with a touch of nonchalance. "I'll get a loan from the state bank against my future salary, so they'll *know* where the money came from. Subsidy—I ought to have thought of it before."

As for the moral aspects, what were the yardsticks of a millennium anyway? One car more or less would not advance it or retard it, objectively speaking. Which proved to be an accurate hunch on the whole, for toward the end of my stay he took possession of his new automobile, a cream baby Fiat just big enough for him and his wife and daughter. On the last Sunday before I left the country I drove them all to St. Mary of Bistritsa, where, in a chaste and solemn mood, they lighted three candles at the main altar. Then the car was put away in a garage until Cousin Stefan found time to learn to drive.

New Opera Recordings

ROLAND GELATT

THE TEMPO of opera recording continues to accelerate. Hardly a month goes by now without the appearance of two or three new productions. Despite the imposing cost of these enterprises (the bill for recording a moderately long opera can easily run to $50,000), no letup seems to be in sight. This summer at least a dozen major opera recordings are scheduled to be taped in Europe.

Wherefore all the activity? The fact that opera now plays to capacity houses throughout the world is, of course, a prime explanation. Nothing so encourages a record company as the existence of a large and enthusiastic audience. But that does not tell the whole of the story. Opera is also on the upswing because it remains one of the few areas in which a recording director can still accomplish distinctive work. To contemplate producing another version of the *Eroica* Symphony for a market already saturated with interpretations by Toscanini, Walter, Klemperer, Furtwängler, and you-name-him can be a disheartening prospect. Even though provided with spectacularly good engineering and spectacularly tempting discounts, a new *Eroica* is apt to get lost in the shuffle. But almost any new opera recording continues to be an event. There are enough built-in variables in every production to ensure at least a minimal level of distinction.

The casting of major roles, for instance, is an endless source of variation. No matter how many times ***Rigoletto*** has been recorded, a new version with the reigning diva (this year it happens to be Joan Suther-

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land) is certain to arouse interest. And the variables are not only artistic. Today's opera recordings are often made from quite different technological viewpoints. Each company has its own notions as to the proper balance between orchestra and singers, the desirable degree of hall reverberation, the admissible amount of "stereo staging." In the field of opera the tantalizing prospect of doing something new is still a very real possibility.

LONDON'S new recording of *Salome* (OSA 1218, two records) brilliantly exploits the potentialities of stereo opera. Like this company's previous *Rheingold* and *Fledermaus,* it is a re-creation in terms of the phonographic medium rather than a likeness of any performance that could conceivably be experienced in the theater. John Culshaw, the head of the young British recording team responsible for these productions, makes no bones about this in his introductory notes. "We believe *Salome* represents a huge step forward in the quest for a technical-artistic alliance that will finally establish stereo recording as a legitimate operatic medium," he writes. "It does not, and will not, replace the theater; but it does offer a new kind of personal involvement to the listener by placing him closer to the score, and thus to the drama, than has been possible hitherto." Richard Strauss's voluptuous orchestral commentary imposes itself on the hearer with immense power; the myriad strands of its dense instrumentation emerge with startling clarity and presence, and the swirling splendor of the climaxes is almost frighteningly vivid. Nothing like this torrent of sound is possible in the opera house, for the simple reason that the singers on stage would be made inaudible in the process, but adroit microphoning allows London's cast to collaborate with the resplendent Strauss orchestra on equal terms. The singers stand out from the orchestral fabric and are yet surrounded by it—a magical effect, and surely what Strauss must have imagined in his mind's ear.

The performance is as good as the engineering. Georg Solti, the conductor, gives full rein to the music's luscious intensity (this is not a score for understatement) and secures superb playing from the Vienna Philharmonic. Their rendition of "Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils" is such as to make all previous efforts along this line seem like staid cotillions in comparison. Birgit Nilsson in the title role has scaled down the Wagnerian amplitude of her voice with surprising success. She gives the illusion of a lithe teen-ager, points up the drama with slight insinuations of emphasis and gradations of tone, and has all the requisite cool accuracy for the demanding final scene. Except for Grace Hoffman's rather tepid Herodias, the remainder of the cast is equally effective. Particular mention should be made of Eberhard Waechter's youthful and unsententious Jochanaan and of Gerhard Stolze's frenetically depraved Herod. London's new recording

ought to remain the last word on *Salome* for a long time to come.

The same, I think, can be said of RCA Victor's new *Aïda* (LSC 6158, three records). Again Georg Solti is in charge (this time he leads the orchestra of the Rome Opera House) and again he secures a performance of tremendous snap and momentum. This is a reading squarely in the Toscanini tradition, but recorded with far greater expertise—and with a much stronger cast—than the Maestro's own version. The women are unbeatable. Leontyne Price is an ideal Aïda—proud, warmhearted, constant—and her soaring voluptuous singing has never been so well captured on records before. We are fortunate to have this memento of a celebrated artist at the height of her career and in her greatest role. Rita Gorr, the Belgian mezzo-soprano, was a splendid choice for Amneris. She summons a truly regal quality of tone, so that for once Amneris emerges as an unloved queen and not as a petulant and sultry nymphomaniac. The men are on a somewhat lower level. Neither Robert Merrill as Amonasro nor Giorgio Tozzi as Ramfis has etched his characterization very incisively, and Jon Vickers as Radames lacks the burnished timbre of a true Italian tenor, but they are all capable performers and—particularly in the last two acts—acutely responsive to Solti's leadership. Though the recording does not provide quite the same "involvement" as London's *Salome,* it is excellent on its own terms. The "staging" is appropriate and meaningful (Aïda's asides at the far left during the Triumphal Scene are particularly well handled) and the microphones successfully convey the differing ambience of the opera's various scenes—the brilliant pageantry of the second act, the moonlit mystery of the Nile Scene, the cell-like quietude of the final Tomb Scene.

Two other stereo operas are likely to remain unsurpassed for some time: Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* conducted by Lorin Maazel (Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138675, one record) and Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol* (Columbia KS 6327, one record). *L'Enfant* is Ravel's masterpiece, a bewitching blend of fantasy, sentiment, and exotic instrumentation. It needs a sympathetic conductor, a cast of stylish French singers, and engineering of utmost clarity and spread—all of which Deutsche Grammophon furnishes in generous proportions. *Le Rossignol* is far from Stravinsky's masterpiece. It is an early work (begun in 1907, completed in 1914), dramatically static, stylistically unfocused. But anyone who collects Stravinsky will want to own the composer's authentic reading.

SEVERAL OTHER recent opera albums fall into the "almost but not quite" category—productions of very real interest and merit which nevertheless are wanting in one or more important particulars. In opera, however, a miss is not necessarily as good as a mile; a performance flawed in certain respects is still worth having for the sake of individual performances. Deutsche Grammophon's recording of *Le Nozze di Figaro* (SLPM 138697/99, three records), for example, is notable for the delightfully pert Susanna of Irmgard Seefried and the vigorous, sharply delineated Count Almaviva of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. One can point to weaknesses in the cast (Maria Stader as the Countess is far too bland), and the knowledgeable conducting of Ferenc Fricsay does not

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erase memories of Erich Kleiber's marvelously plastic unfolding of the score in London's 1955 recording, but the performance as a whole is far from negligible.

Again, the new recording of Cilea's *Adriana Lecouvreur* (London OSA 1331, three records) could hardly be termed an ideal statement of the work. Renata Tebaldi, despite her penchant for the title role, has not the ability to articulate Adriana's conversational exchanges with the point and nuance required, and Mario del Monaco is hopelessly miscast as a suave aristocrat. Nevertheless, they manage to make their parts "go" with a good deal of passion; the lesser characters are limned with fine style; and Cilea's melodic, zestfully orchestrated score is a lovely exercise in the ripe Puccini vein.

London's *Salome* has somewhat dulled the impact of Deutsche Grammophon's *Elektra* (SLPM 138690/91, two records), which is competently recorded along conventional stereo lines, without anything like the same clarity and immediacy. Also, one misses in Inge Borkh's Elektra the subtleties of characterization and sheer vocal abandon that distinguish Nilsson's Salome, but Borkh sings accurate and unstridently (which itself is no mean achievement in this role), and in Jean Madeira (Clytemnestra) and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Orestes) she has two superior collaborators. Karl Böhm leads the Saxon State Opera Orchestra in a temperate, well-paced reading. The net impression is that Strauss's bloody one-acter has been given a valid representation, though one that conceivably could be surpassed.

The same applies to Bizet's early opera *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* as recorded by Angel in Paris (3603 B/L, two records)—adequately if conservatively engineered (with extremely noisy surfaces on my set) and adequately if unimaginatively conducted by Pierre Dervaux. Nicolai Gedda is a superb Nadir (he gives a ravishing account of the aria "Je crois entendre encore") and Ernest Blanc a properly mellifluous Zurga, but Janine Micheau rather spoils the show with her gratingly sung Leïla. Still and all, the performance is superior to what one normally hears at the Opéra-Comique and the album costs less than a trip to Paris.

Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

THERE ARE four different kinds of laughter in the theater. One is the gag laugh: the short, sharp bark of reaction to a funny line. The second is the nervous titter, with an edge of hysteria, that greets a grotesquerie or a sick and special joke. A third is the warm and rippling laughter of an audience happily involved in the play's characters. And the fourth is commonly known as the belly laugh: loud, released, and visceral. This is the noise that accompanies the crazy hilarities of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,* a vaudevillian gambol to music that owes something to the plays of Plautus but infinitely more to the unfettered foolery of Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, the book writers, Stephen Sondheim's lyrics, and Zero Mostel, surely the sloppiest, lewdest, slyest, and funniest slave ever to procure a Virgin for his moon-struck Master.

This is no show for people who wince at puns: the names alone should warn them. A libidinous Roman gaffer is called Senex, a eunuch slave Hysterium, and three commercially available and abundantly talented young women are known as Panacea, Vibrata, and Gymnasia. It is no play either for people who find sex unfunny, burlesque vulgar, and slapstick tiresome. For this togaed and tunicked company of zanies resort to every trick that ever rocked the rafters of old music halls. Their enthusiasm is boundless, their pace relentless, and their purpose low. And if you can be as uninhibited as they all are, your time is high.

The warm kind of laughter envelops, pretty consistently, *A Thousand Clowns,* a play about a man who thinks the lives most people live are crazy, a view they amply reciprocate. Playwright Herb Gardner has made his hero an unemployed television writer who would rather be a bum than churn out inanities for set-ridden kiddies, rather bring up his precocious but delightful nephew as an equal instead of a problem, rather live in the cluttered nest we see him in than in the chintzy order prepared for him by the young female who finds him more fun than social work.

Jason Robards, Jr., is very funny as Murray Burns: lantern-jawed, mulish, appealingly perverse. Yet like all dedicated nonconformists he becomes exasperating, and by the third act, the weakest, our sympathies flow not so much toward him as to those who make peace—however reluctantly—with their environment: the pretty young social worker, delightfully played by Sandy Dennis; Murray's brother, a theatrical agent with no illusions; and a neurotic television comic who loathes himself.

A Thousand Clowns is above all an immensely likable play; funny because the people are truly funny, sound because their author has thought straight about them—and likes them too.

THERE WAS nothing to laugh at in the appearance of the young Russian poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko on our television screens, but plenty to look at and think about. Chet Huntley interviewed him on NBC with the help of journalist Michel Gordey as interpreter, and producer Reuven Frank had the rare good sense not only to let the poet talk with a minimum of interruption but read two whole poems: the famous "Babi Yar," about anti-Semitism in Russia, and "The American Nightingale," an impression of Harvard.

Yevtushenko's face was alone worth the program: its spare but ardent asceticism was a remainder of the gulf between those who live by the spirit and those who live in the

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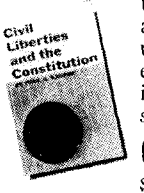

As is revealed by the index of Paul G. Kauper's new book, *Civil Liberties and the Constitution* discusses questions that divide the nation, stimulate argument, arouse controversy, excite emotion – questions that result in schools being bombed, churches burned, people hanged. For the general reader the book carefully reviews the various aspects of civil liberties *protected* by the Constitution. For the lawyer and the jurist already familiar with the subjects under discussion there is a Table of Cases at the end of the book. You may be doing yourself an injustice by not reading *Civil Liberties and the Constitution* immediately.

Civil Liberties and the Constitution

$6.00 At all bookstores

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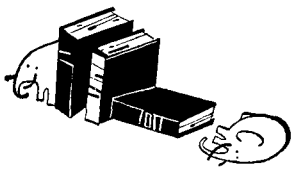
business sections of the daily papers. Nothing soft and flabby here, no fatty layer over the bones of the head or the words he spoke in organ tones to a rapt young audience at Oxford. The translation of "Babi Yar" printed on the TV screen was useful but not really necessary: the substance, force, and intensity came through.

As for the interview itself, in which the poet expressed his great liking for New York, his belief in the similarity of character between Russians and Americans, his conviction that for poets in the Soviet Union it is "the necessary law for existence to criticize the faults that we see in our régime," I found his closing statement perhaps the most interesting. In speaking of the "American security feeling," he said: "We understand very well this longing for security. Our people are trying to get the most security they can now. But then I thought, observing the Americans, I asked myself if this security is leading to a sort of self-contentment. . . . I think it is an important problem what such security leads to, and I think I want to write poetry about this . . . whether this security doesn't lead to the opposite effect."

Chet Huntley ended the program with these words: "Michel and I agree that Yevtushenko represents possibly a new and bolder breed of the Soviet Union. He believes in Communism, although he is not a member of the Communist Party; he is certainly a loyal and highly patriotic Russian. However, he believes in a better Communism, a humane Communism, and a Communism based in some degree, at least, upon popular consent. To repeat, one of our best hopes is that more Yevtushenkos will be produced in the U.S.S.R."

Doubtless Mr. Huntley has received the usual letters suggesting he go back where he came from, that he is a typical dupe, soft on Communism, etc. Doubtless the hardheads will say that Yevtushenko's is merely the "new line" and in no way betokens a real change in Soviet attitudes or aims. On the basis of the translations, questions as to the poet's stature may also be raised. The fact that the program was on the air at all was remarkable—and hopeful—enough for this viewer.

BOOKS



Lament for Language Lost

GEORGE STEINER

PALE FIRE, by Vladimir Nabokov. *Putnam. $5.*

April 30: Gaunt postman on gaunt bicycle delivers parcel containing *Pale Fire*. Also a note from Messrs. Putnam asking that nothing be revealed of the device or plot of the book before date of publication. It is, the wrapper assures me, "unlike any novel you have ever read." Make solemn mental promise to observe the Official Secrets Act. Before I look inside the book, I scribble on my blotter: "bound to be a gimmick, a trick novel of some kind. What else can a writer do after *Lolita* unless he is a saint or austere genius? Success is an ironic master." I turn the cover (with its inappropriate imitation of the *Lolita* design). It *is* a gimmick! Brief triumph (to such ashen joys are critics heir).

May 1-4: Am reading *Pale Fire* amid the Cambridge Backs. Nabokov was educated here and makes the remembrance attractive, in a frail, Edwardian way, in *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*. Mustn't drowse; there's a review to be written, or perhaps a gloss, as pedantically recondite as are the structure and style of the book. The thing is a Chinese box, an occult artifice, a game for scholars and scholiasts in some new Byzantium.

As readers will be aware by the time this review appears, *Pale Fire* consists of a 999-line poem in heroic couplets. A speculative, domestic reverie by one John Shade, this poem is prefaced and annotated by Dr. Charles Kinbote. The annotations contain—in addition to a wealth of philological, prosodic, ornithological, and entomological lore—fragments of oblique narrative. From these we gather that the poet and his glossarist have been close neighbors during the summer months in which the poem was composed. They were heading for Kinbote's house, on the evening of July 21, 1959, to toast the completion of the fourth and final canto, when Shade fell under a spurt of gunfire. Kinbote assures us that the bullets were actually meant for *him*.

Why? Because he is, in fact, the fugitive monarch of Zembla. He has escaped from captivity in his royal castle and assumed the identity of a teacher of literature in Wordsmith College. But stern assassins are on his trail. They discover his whereabouts and the chosen killer, Gradus, steps into his path amid the hum of lawnmowers and the indolent flight of a Vanessa (a butterfly also known as the Red Admirable).

Kinbote absconds with the manuscript of *Pale Fire* and proceeds to edit it for the world in his mountain cabin at Cedarn, Utana. It is not, alas, what he hoped for or expected. Without wholly revealing his royal incognito, Kinbote has been telling John Shade, a fitful listener, of the marvels and legends of Zembla. He has recounted to him the history of the Zemblan revolution and of his own admirable escape. He has sought to incite his famous neighbor to a national, heroic epic. What he has in hand is, in fact, "an autobiographical, eminently Appalachian, rather old-fashioned narrative in a neo-Popian prosodic style—beautifully written of course—Shade could not write otherwise than beautifully—but void of my magic, of that special rich streak of magical madness which I was sure would run through it and make it transcend its time."

May 5: Might help if I glossed some of the main allusions, acrostics,

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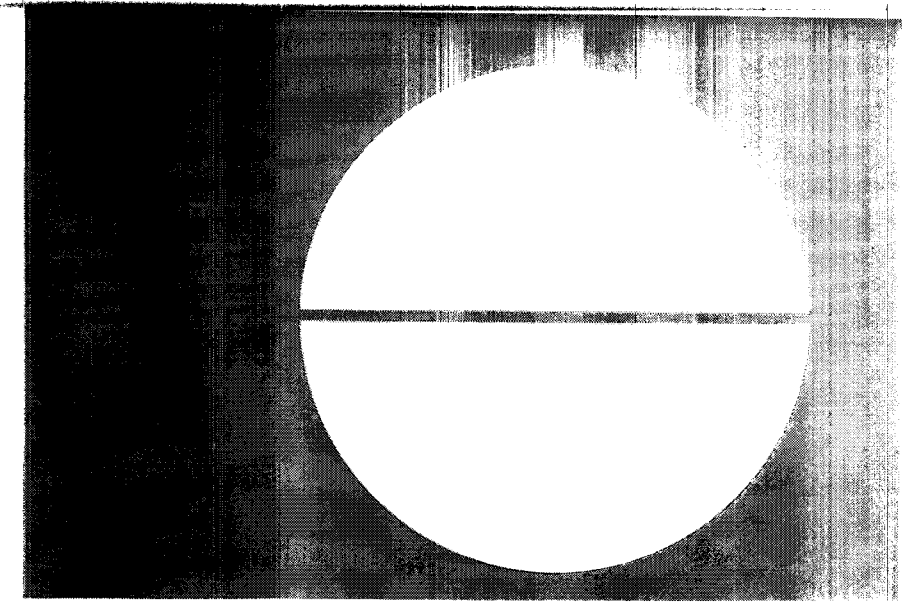

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double-entendres, and multilingual puns which make up the lacy, spinsterish fabric of the book. Nabokov knows more about the maze of language than anyone since Joyce. His style is a magpie's trove of Russian, French, German, English, Middle English, and classical lexicography. He shuffles words with the strained nonchalance of a man doing precarious card tricks.

Zembla: defined by Kinbote as "a distant northern land"; on one level, the lost Russia of Nabokov's unflagging nostalgia (Russian *zemlya* signifying land, earth, ground); on another plane, an absurd Balkan-style kingdom in which Kinbote (alias Charles the Beloved) lives in eclectic pederasty, unconsummated dynastic wedlock, and rococo intrigue until overthrown. Once in the book, Zembla is brought into the context of a recent historical event and we can identfy it as Finland. Also mentioned in Pope's *Essay on Man,* II, 224—"At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where."

John Shade: by appearance somewhat like Robert Frost. *Pale Fire* and what is cited of his other poetry, however, suggests a manner this side of Auden. His name is a crucial but elusive clue: the game at cards in Pope's *Rape of the Lock* is ombre. In French, of course, this is shade or shadow; it transposes readily into the Spanish for man. John Shade is the trump in Kinbote's game. At the same time, the radical organization that sets out to murder Kinbote is known as the Shadows.

Gradus: one of the various names of the agent who finally traces Kinbote to the campus at New Wye (an establishment maliciously reminiscent of a certain university in upstate New York). Behind his name lurks a simple but deft conceit: *Gradus ad Parnassum*—the title of a primer of Latin prosody familiar to generations of European schoolboys. Step by step, we follow Gradus's voyage from Zembla to his fatal meeting with Shade. Death steps toward Poetry (Parnassus). Poetry is a craft pursued at mortal risk.

Chess: chess figures and configurations play a persistent but obscure part in the tale. One character is named *Bretwit,* a contrived Germanic disyllable meaning sagacious or cunning at the chessboard. We hear of two mayors in Zembla called "chessrook" and "chessqueen." Does Kinbote reign over an imaginary kingdom of sixty-four black and white squares?

Vanessa: the butterfly heralding Shade's death. Also the beloved of Jonathan Swift. Swift is intricately woven into Shade's poem, Kinbote's gloss, and Nabokov's novel. Like Nabokov, Swift invented an imaginary but syntactically and logically coherent private language. Scalded by contempt, his great, proud mind drifted into madness. He compared his misanthropy to that of Shakespeare's Timon. *Timon of Athens* is frequently referred to in *Pale Fire.* Kinbote's uncle, the Duke of Aros, translates it into Zemblan. But there are probably hidden and specific cross-weavings between Nabokov's design and this jagged play. Swift as intimate of Pope.

Much else is obvious, often at a sophomoric level. No gloss needed to identify a New York magazine called *The Beau and the Butterfly.* Cedarn and Utana lead directly to Nabokov's own retreat and entomological dalliances in certain Rocky Mountain localities. There are coy allusions to *Bend Sinister, Pnin, Lolita,* and some of Nabokov's verse. The tyranny of the populist régime in Zembla is a lighthearted variant on the totalitarian morass evoked in *Invitation to a Beheading.* Everywhere the novel thrusts out mirrors at its author. A complete cipher would implicate most of Nabokov's work—philological, entomological, and literary.

But this kind of decoding is tiresome (as is the Alice in Wonderland index provided by Kinbote at the end of the book).

May 8: What, then, can one say of this cumbersome *jeu d'esprit?* There are in it bits of dazzling cleverness. The planes of narrative conspire against each other cunningly. Are we to believe what Kinbote says of the poem or of his nervous, brief intimacy with John Shade? Is he, actually, the hunted ruler of Zembla or, as he suggests in a chic closing twist, merely a lunatic pursued by another lunatic "who intends to kill an imaginary king"? The poem itself has passages of stylish grace, and in the prose annotations there are pages

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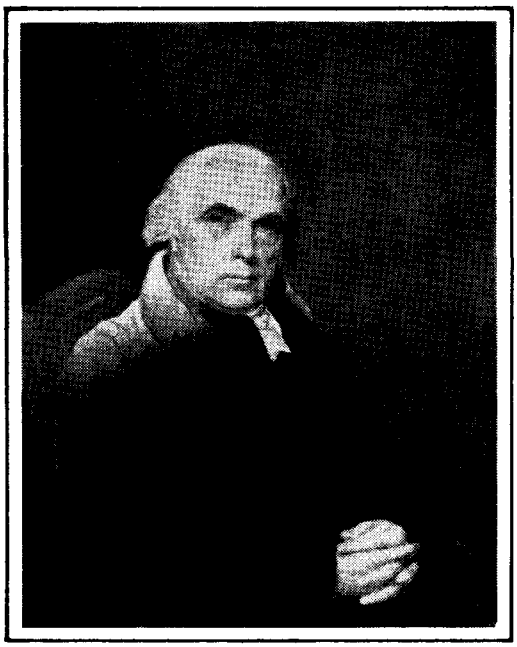

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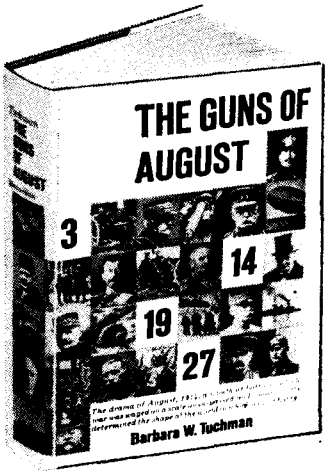

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only Nabokov could have written. Even where he enumerates a list of oddments, the effect is one of precious but witty sensuality:

"I unlocked the medicine chest in the second bathroom, and out fluttered a message advising me that the slit for discarded safety blades was too full for use. I opened the icebox, and it warned me with a bark that 'no national specialties with odors hard to get rid of' should be placed therein. I pulled out the middle drawer of the desk in the study—and discovered a *catalogue raisonné* of its meager contents which included an assortment of ashtrays, a damask paperknife (described as 'one ancient dagger brought by Mrs. Goldsworth's father from the Orient'), and an old but unused pocket diary optimistically maturing there until its calendric correspondencies came around again."

That final touch, with its erudite precision and gentle absurdity, is pure Nabokov.

At the secret core of the book, moreover, reside a grief and a protest of utter sincerity. Like most of what is genuine in Nabokov's achievement, *Pale Fire* is a lament for language lost. In the age of the refugee, many have been exiled from their native tongue. Driven from Russian to French and from French to English, Nabokov has produced striking work in all three languages. That is in itself a miracle. But at the same time, he has sustained the proud, bitter assertion that all of his English writing, however inventive and accurate, is mere journeyman's labor compared to what he feels himself capable of achieving in Russian. The challenge which has mattered to him, and which has kept the condition of banishment acrid, is that of Pasternak.

At various points in *Pale Fire* the note of wry anguish breaks through:

He suffocates and conjures in two tongues
The nebulae dilating in his lungs.

Which Kinbote annotates by listing a series of paired languages: "English and Zemblan, English and Russian, English and Lettish . . . English and Russian, American and European." Yet if anyone has made of deprivation a virtue, it is Nabokov.

But neither the acrobatics of a

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passionate comber of dictionaries nor the occasional stroke of deep, private candor can make *Pale Fire* glow. The fable of vice in *Lolita* was made endurable, and even moving, by ironic verve. The pederasty of Dr. Kinbote is rendered with heavy, vulgar jocosity. His idylls (actual or fancied) with tight-trousered little boys and green undergraduates sound like senile parodies of the sinister wit of the late Humbert Humbert. At times the crudity and lack of imaginative resource are appalling. I toy with the thought of the scorching contempt D. H. Lawrence would have poured on the avuncular nastiness of page . . . (No, find it for yourself.)

The book is a pedantic witticism spun out at great length and solemnity. More than he is aware, Nabokov has fallen victim to the arcane, cobwebbed self-indulgence of the academic milieu he so deftly mocks. The muses of academe may be gray spinsters, but they take sly vengeance on their detractors. Too much of *Pale Fire* is *ennuyeux, langweilig*—a bore.

May 9: Back to *The Rape of the Lock*. Nothing Appalachian here.

Thorns Without A Rose

SAREL EIMERL

AN UNOFFICIAL ROSE, by Iris Murdoch. *Viking. $4.95.*

Iris Murdoch is a philosophy tutor at Oxford who has found time to write six substantial novels in the past ten years. They have won her a reputation as one of the half dozen most important novelists in England, and for reasons easy to understand. In her six novels, she has explored a wider range of situations and deployed a more varied set of techniques than any three average novelists. In *The Bell,* for example, she dissected the emotional confusions of a group of people in a religious retreat. *A Severed Head* was high comedy in which three sets

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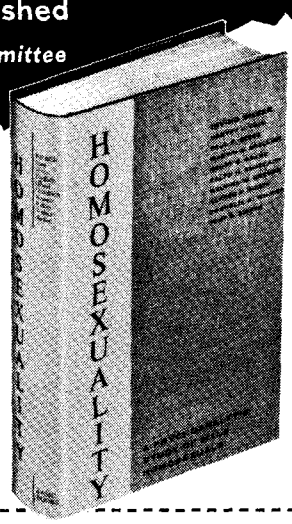

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of partners danced an elaborate swap and counterswap ballet of adultery and incest. The subject of her latest book is more conventional. But it contains many of its author's favorite themes, such as the stresses of marriage and the weakness of men, and it is also at once a comedy of manners and a realistic drama.

The plot is extremely elaborate. When his wife dies, Hugh Peronett, now in his sixties, decides to reopen his relationship with his former mistress, Emma Sands, whom he had abandoned several years before. Emma lives with a young companion, Lindsay Rimmer, in a presumably Lesbian relationship. Hugh's son, Randall, who is married to and fed up with a prosaic woman named Ann, is in love with Lindsay. He is eager to marry her and asks his father to sell his most prized possession, a Tintoretto, to finance the operation. Hugh is reluctant to help his son leave Ann but recognizes that with Lindsay out of the way, he will have a better chance to win Emma. He asks his old friend, Mildred Finch, for advice. Now Mildred (whose homosexual husband, Humphrey, is infatuated with a young boy, Penn, who is staying with Ann) is in love with Hugh and would like to keep him away from Emma. But her brother, Felix, is in love with Ann, and if Randall marries Lindsay . . . And so on.

THIS KIND of intricately patterned plot, though just as ridiculous as it sounds, has certain advantages. It readily provides the novelist with a series of situations that are both suspenseful and potentially comic; P. G. Wodehouse has used a similar approach in some fifty novels. Miss Murdoch makes use of the plot's opportunities for comedy in the first part of her book, but the comedy gradually gives way to misery as the characters find themselves involved in situations they cannot control.

All the detail in this interlocking system of agonies is sound enough psychologically, but unfortunately it is impossible to take seriously because Miss Murdoch outsmarts herself. Her situations are so blatantly contrivances that they are unacceptable; and, by mingling comedy with tragedy or, to be more precise, melodrama, she destroys the effectiveness of both. Her serious purposes contaminate her comedy because her people (or puppets, as the plot makes them) are too confused and unhappy to be funny, while the tone of ironic comedy that dominates the first half of the book immunizes the reader from feeling distress when the characters are laid on the rack.

It might be argued that it is unfair to criticize a carefully contrived plot on the ground that it is contrived. Comedy and drama, it might also be said, can coexist successfully within an elaborately patterned framework, as they do in, say, *Middlemarch*. The difference is that *Middlemarch* rings true while *An Unofficial Rose*, for all its author's skill, is basically phony. Miss Murdoch is rather like a promoter whose promises are not matched by his deeds. It is suggested, for example, that Emma Sands is a sadist, ruthlessly manipulating other people's lives, but she doesn't actually *do* anything except reject Hugh. The same impression of pretension unfulfilled is conveyed in the many decisions that confront her characters. Should Ann marry Felix? Should Hugh sell his Tintoretto? Like most of the characters' other choices, these are, in fact, questions of self-interest, but they are portentously presented and debated as moral dilemmas. Miss Murdoch, in short, is given to intimating that her material is more significant than it really is, and the reader is likely to react, without quite knowing why, by refusing to believe that her characters are as troubled or their situations as desperate as she would have him think. Their sufferings have the effect of great music played with inadequate expression. All the notes are struck but they sound faintly tinny.

But *An Unofficial Rose* should not be underestimated. Despite its flaws of construction and its literary stunting and its pretentiousness, it ranks far above the common run of novels. Read for entertainment, it is continuously interesting; studied as a working exercise in the practice of novel writing, it should be fascinating to anyone concerned with the techniques of fiction. But it might have been a much better book if the author had not tried so hard to make it important.

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Such Interesting People

MAYA PINES

MENTAL HEALTH IN THE METROPOLIS: THE MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STUDY, Vol. 1, by Leo Srole, Thomas S. Langner, Stanley T. Michael, Marvin K. Opler, and Thomas C. Rennie. *McGraw-Hill. $9.95.*

Go West, young woman. If you want to find a mentally healthy husband, New York City is not for you. There aren't enough bachelors to go around, and of those men who remain unmarried by the time they reach the 30-39 age group, 30.4 per cent are mentally "impaired"—or so it seems to the authors of this painstaking new study, the first of a three-volume series started by the late Dr. Thomas C. Rennie, professor of social psychiatry at Cornell Medical College.

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Their conclusion that only one out of every five adults in the area is mentally well created a furore this spring. When stated without any explanation of the book's criteria, it does seem sensational. But the authors emphasize that they felt on safest ground when dealing with persons at the two extremes—those free of any significant symptom of tension (18.5 per cent) and those obviously so ill that their ability to function in society was impaired (23.4 per cent).

The rest of us apparently fall somewhere in between, with mild or moderate symptoms of latent pathology that might become evident under stress. It must be remembered that the authors were not trying to measure "normality"—an elusive concept at best—but the full range of mental health, beginning with Rennie's criteria for what may ideally be expected of a mature adult:

"Independence of action, thought,

she makes no protest

Kim Myung Sook, Korean, Age 6. Has never had enough to eat. Father former school teacher. Fled with wife from Communists in north. Child born in rubble of Pusan. Father opened iron shop. His life and shop lost in typhoon. Mother works in laundry. Earns three dollars per month. "Home" is a one-room hut. Earthen floor. Mother cannot feed and clothe child. Looks with despair on her beautiful daughter. Needs everything. Help to Myung Sook means life and hope to mother and child.

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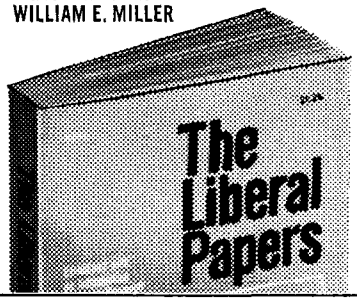

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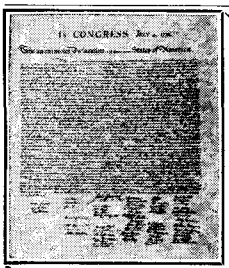

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and standards . . . freedom from undue anxiety, freedom from crippling inferiority and guilt feelings, from excessive egotism, and from competitiveness and unbridled hostility . . . the assumption of adult responsibilities . . ." and other traits worthy of a true philosopher.

While one may question the Midtown Study's specific definitions of mental health and mental impairment, and therefore disagree with its generalized conclusions about the mental health of big cities, within the study itself all kinds of interesting comparisons can be made.

For instance, do men or women have higher rates of impairment? Using exactly the same yardstick for both, regardless of age or marital status, the study shows that within each age group married men and married women have almost identical rates. In both cases the rates go up with age. With single men and women, however, the differences are striking. Single women tend to be slightly healthier than married women, especially at the time when the wives are struggling to cope with young children. But the bachelors of Midtown are at least twice as impaired as either the married men or the women—married or single—of their age level.

The reason for this discrepancy, according to the Midtown Study, is "the complicated process of psychosocial selection intrinsic to mating phenomena in western societies." Since the male is expected to make the advances, "it seems likely that repeated rejections of an eligible man, in the open, eager-beaver market of single women, can only result from the handicap of physical or personality deviations, often accompanied by intrinsic mental disturbance." There are also a number of voluntary bachelors, whose reasons for avoiding marriage tend to land them outside the group enjoying good mental health.

Since single women between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine outnumber bachelors by a ratio of 125:100 in Midtown, many girls would be left out even if all the men got married. In addition, there are some voluntary spinsters and some women who would have been bypassed anyway, similar to the voluntary and rejected bachelors. But the authors believe that the girls who migrate to New York in the first place include a larger proportion of "the hardy in character and mental health" than the young men, for whom breaking away from home is easier. Among these girls, too, are many outstanding types with high aspirations. All are limited by their more passive role in courtship, and those who fail to get an acceptable proposal of marriage may not be rejected but simply "unchosen."

The mating pattern continues as follows: Men "tend to choose a wife who enhances their culturally conditioned self-image of masculine dominance. . . . As a result, we suggest that women with strong, independent personalities, or with other especially gifted native endowments, are bypassed more often than their sisters with less outstanding qualities."

FOR THOSE who do marry in Midtown, there may be a period of high stress or turbulence at the beginning of parenthood, according to the study. If so, it results in part from the man's or woman's faulty preparation for his new role. A similar crisis may occur when the individual's role is changed again, at the time of old age. The authors suggest that preventive work at certain points in the individual's social cycle, such as the arrival of children and the beginning of old age, might prove useful in breaking the patterns that often precipitate mental illness.

In its far-ranging research, the Midtown Study touches on many other important points. The lower a person's socioeconomic status, it finds, the greater the risk of mental illness. A low economic status can in itself cause impairment because of the immense pressures it generates on children in a society where all men are supposedly equal. At the same time, low-income people are least likely to get psychiatric attention when they need it. They may not even know they need it. Since Midtown seems representative of residential areas in other big American cities, the study foresees an enormous increase in the demand for psychiatric services—already so inadequate—as education about mental health and illness begins to reach the low-income groups.

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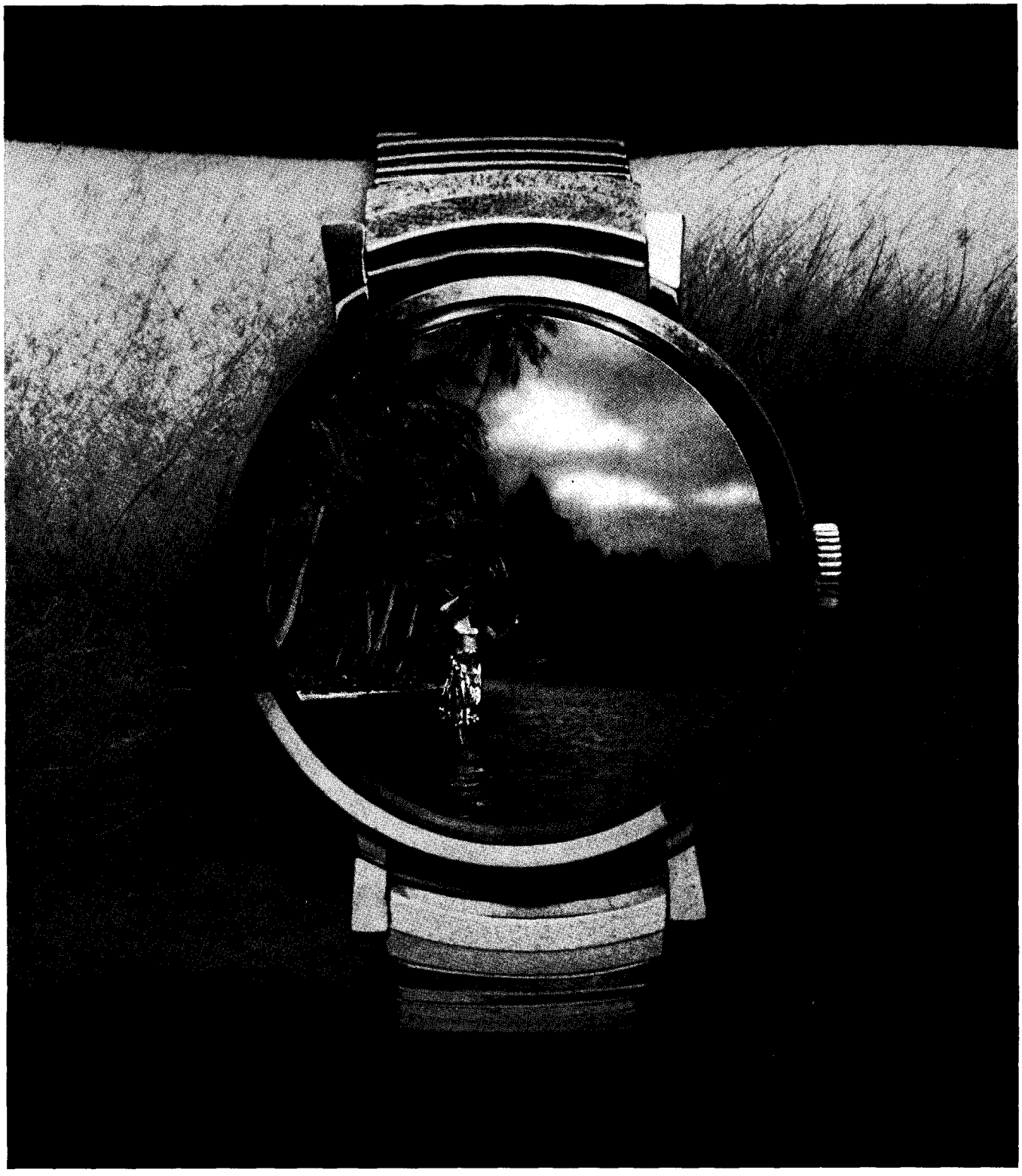

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